THOMAS BALOGH: Pitfalls For a Labour Government

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The Warnings of Industrial Unrest

The rail crisis was a lightning flash which revealed the black clouds of a rapidly approaching industrial storm. We are not surprised by the phenomenon, although, for ten years, both sides of industry have lived in an atmosphere of halcyon calm. The calm was first disturbed by Mr. Butler's decision last year to begin cutting back the food subsidies. This was followed by the rapid process of decontrol and by the slower, but none the less significant movement back to an economy which encourages the prosperous to grow more prosperous, while the lower-paid worker is permitted to feel once again the pinch of poverty. "Fair shares," it seems, was part of the war-time way of life, which must now be discarded; while the working class must be relieved of its cushion against economic realities and so stimulated to higher productivity. So runs the underlying Tory doctrine.

At first the T.U.C. was eager to give Mr. Butler's policy a chance, and to collaborate with him and his adroit Minister of Labour. The trade union leaders protested against the abolition of the food subsidies, but most of them protested even more vigorously against any militancy displayed by their rank-and-file. Yet during the last six months, most of the General Secretaries of the unions have begun to realise that a clash, which they feared, and which the Communists longed for, was becoming unavoidable.

The reason for this is clear. Between 1918 and 1926 the gains achieved by the working class during the first world war were lost in a series of strikes and lock-outs. During the first five years after the second world war, the trade unions, in close collaboration with the Labour Government, not only held their ground, but actually improved the position of their members.

The return of the Tory Government in the autumn of 1951 meant the end of a decade of working-class gains. First, the advance stopped, and then, slowly but ominously, the retreat began. Whatever the newspapers might write about the prosperity induced by setting the people free, the working-class housewife has known for some time that things have been getting tighter again, and her complaint that she needs more of the weekly wage in order to buy the same amount has created the present mood of trade union militancy.

It is this new sense of constriction which has forced the railwaymen, the engineers, the mineworkers and many other trade unionists to file new wage claims. In one sense, of course, the issue in each case is purely industrial. But the whole movement has profound political implications. Some observers, even in the trade union movement, at first believed that Mr. Butler had accepted the new status gained by the industrial worker under the Labour Government. It is now becoming clear that he did nothing of the kind, and that he is determined to carry through what the Americans politely call a "readjustment" of the economy at the expense of organised Labour. Perhaps he reckons—not without some evidence—that, after a long period of industrial peace, which has prevented the younger trade unionist from knowing the meaning of unemployment, the Labour Movement has grown too flabby, and its leadership too respectable, to face the dangers and uncertainties of industrial action. We must hope that events prove him wrong, for nothing can now protect working-class living standards except trade union militancy and solidarity.

The Railwaymen's Case

By threatening to strike on Monday, the N.U.R. secured Ministerial intervention and an "armistice" formula which represents a real improvement on the Transport Commission's terms. They do not get the 15 per cent. claimed, but they are promised that, within six weeks, the Commission will make them a fresh offer based on acceptance of the Railway Tribunal's 4s. award, *plus*

a further percentage increase for all grades calculated apparently to yield a total advance of something like 6 per cent. That is, the minimum wage should rise by 7s. a week. The Commission's earlier offer merely to revise differentials gave no assurance that the lowest-paid workers would benefit.

When Sir Walter Monckton intervened it had already been made clear that the railwaymen's case for a substantial wage increase was overwhelming, and the Tribunal's award derisory. Whereas the engineers, who meet next Wednesday to consider a ban on piece-work and overtime, base their demand for 15 per cent., not merely on living costs but, still more effectively, on their right to share in their industry's prosperity, the workers on the nationalised railways contend simply, and cogently, that their wages are intolerably low. Underpayment of railway workers is, indeed, a matter of history. Before the coming of the Welfare State and full employment, the security of railway service had an "invisible" cash value. Moreover, owing to their ability to recruit labour largely from rural areas, when rural wages (and rural living costs) were conspicuously low, the railway companies got accustomed to buying their labour cheap; and the tradition of low railway wages has persisted even under nationalisation.

Today, the bottom rate for the main body of less skilled workers on the railways is only 117s. 6d. a week, as against 135s. 8d. for a builder's labourer and 139s. 8d. for a labourer in municipal employment. Moreover, the differentials for the more skilled grades are remarkably low. The maximum rate for a guard is 139s., and for a motor-man 136s. 6d.; while a top-grade engine driver, after a lifetime's service, reaches a peak wage of only 168s. a week. Even with overtime, which—as the engineers have also rightly argued—ought not to be included in assessments of a fair wage, earnings on the railways have lagged seriously behind the rise in living costs; and the advance of seven shillings a week awarded in 1952 (on a claim for a 10 per cent. increase) left the railwaymen's position wholly unsatisfactory. Even apart from considerations of justice, both the minimum rate and "differential" wages for the more skilled grades must be substantially raised if the service is to be adequately manned.

It is no answer to the men's claim to say that an adequate wage increase would cost more than the Transport Commission can afford. If the railways—saddled, as they are, with a heavy charge for compensation in perpetuity to shareholders expropriated on nationalisation—do not "pay," that is no reason why they should be allowed to exploit their employees. Interest charge apart, the main explanation of the railway's financial difficulties is that the roads have been allowed to cream the traffic—leaving them with an unremunerative, *but indispensable*, residue. This is not the railwaymen's fault. Labour's plan for transport co-ordination, which the Tories have now undone, was realistic: it proposed to treat all internal transport (subject to the large exception, weakly conceded, of the C licence-holders on the roads) as a single public service, with the traffic sorted out economically so as to spread both costs and returns over the unified system. This plan having been wrecked by the handing back of road services to private operators, the nation will have to face the necessity of subsidising the railways to any extent that may be necessary to give the workers a square deal.

Mr. Dulles Serves Notice

Fireworks at Nato Councils of Ministers are not usual; and the bomb which Mr. John Foster Dulles exploded under the feet of the unhappy French Government was unexpected. The agenda for the Council's meeting in Paris had seemed to be largely a routine affair: Ministers had to receive Lord Ismay's report that the "infra-structure" programme of airfields and pipe-lines was well under way, and to endorse, presumably, his conclusion that, with planned national Defence expenditures past their peak, the West's screen of land forces, somewhat tenuously built, must serve—for better or worse. But there was one item on the agenda—"the international political situation"—which gave scope for argument; and M. Bidault, in an inauspicious opening speech, hinted that, unless the U.S. and Britain, non-members of the European Community, provided a further "counterweight and guarantee"—by which he meant, presumably, either some closer association with E.D.C. or a firm commitment over a lengthy period to keep a specified number of divisions in Europe—France might have to "seek shelter in the framework left to us by the past" or, in other words, rely once again on Eastern alliances. The French Foreign Minister was doubtless smarting from Bermuda rebuffs, and he may have had a talk with M. Daladier, just back from leading a French Parliamentary delegation round Poland; but his words gave little comfort to Mr. Dulles, who promptly rose and delivered an ultimatum whose gravity he underlined later at a press conference. If E.D.C. were not ratified "soon," not merely would U.S. military aid (authorised next year mainly for E.D.C., and not for individual countries) be automatically held up, but the U.S. would have to make "an agonising reappraisal" of its basic policy, including the redistribution of American forces now in Europe. If European countries insisted on committing suicide—*i.e.*, by objecting to a protective German army—"they must do it alone." Not only did Mr. Dulles decline to give any promise that American divisions would be retained in Europe; he went further than any U.S. statesman has yet gone towards threatening France with an American pull-out.

Outlook for Berlin

It seems evident that Mr. Dulles's intention was to convert the meeting of the Nato Council into a curtain-raiser for the Berlin talks. That is, he was putting the screw on France with a double purpose. If he could not extort from M. Laniel a pledge about E.D.C. which the Assembly might find it difficult to repudiate, he might at least hope that, under duress, the French delegation at Berlin would vote solidly for the American line. That this line is to work for a breakdown which can be used to prove that the Russians are impossible, and that Germany must be rearmed, is painfully obvious. Though "satisfaction" in Washington is reported that, after *Pravda*'s initial chilly reception, Mr. Molotov should have told the U.S. Ambassador that he would give serious consideration to the President's project of an international agency for atomic energy, the State Department and its Secretary have made it clear that they regard German rearmament as the lynch-pin of U.S. policy in Europe. On this they will make no concessions, however accommodating the Russians prove to be on other aspects of the German problem. This being so, there is little room for manœuvre; and Dr. Adenauer, after a "successful" week-end in Paris, seems to have returned to Bonn well satisfied that he can shape the Berlin meeting from the wings. "A policy of neutralisation," declared the Chancellor on Monday, "is absolutely unacceptable for us." On the previous day, Herr Kaiser, the Minister for all-German Affairs, had announced that the necessary reunification of Germany must mean the return to their home of all Germans expelled after the war—both to Western Poland and East Prussia. In view of such speeches it is idle for Dr. Adenauer to assure the French that there is no danger of their being involved in German military adventures if the Wehrmacht is recreated. And German chauvinists, as history shows, do not always look exclusively Eastwards.

The Kenya Court of Inquiry

The Secretary for War has done the right thing in agreeing to a full investigation of the allegations which were made at the trial of Captain Griffiths. In fact, a military Court of Inquiry is being set up to look into "(1) The offering to soldiers of monetary rewards for Mau Mau 'kills.' (2) The keeping and exhibition of score-boards, recording official and unofficial 'kills' and other activities in operations again Mau Mau. (3) The fostering of a competitive spirit among units in regard to 'kills' in anti-Mau Mau operations." In announcing this, Mr. Head went out of his way to identify himself with General Erskine's avowed intention "to uncover everything and to force into Court even the most unpleasant crimes." Whether an exclusively military Court is the best way of doing this is arguable. Mr. Shinwell would have preferred that a civilian lawyer should sit on the Court, while Lord Jowitt has canvassed the idea of a public judicial inquiry. On balance, we agree with Mr. Head that a Court of Inquiry is preferable, both because military witnesses can be compelled to testify before it, and because they are protected, in doing so, from having their evidence used against them in subsequent proceedings. Once it is accepted that the army is determined to stamp out these evil practices (and we have no reason to suppose that Mr. Head and General Erskine are not sincere in their professions), the Court of Inquiry suggests itself as the most effective way of doing so. Certainly Sir Kenneth McLean, a soldier of the highest repute who has been both Vice-Adjutant General and Military Secretary, should inspire confidence as President of the Court.

The Nation's Health

If its people's health is a nation's wealth, Mr. Butler must envy Mr. Iain Macleod, the Minister of Health, and the prosperous "budget" he can produce. Britain's record of health is something of which to be proud. The Chief Medical Officer can report that maternal mortality has been reduced by half since 1946; that infant mortality has again declined (although places like Croydon with 19.6 per thousand live-births can show that it is still possible to reduce the national rate of 27.6); that deaths from tuberculosis are half what they were in 1948; that diphtheria and other infectious diseases are no longer the killers they were; and that a boy born today can expect to live to 67, and a girl to 72, compared with 52 and 55 forty years ago. It is true that the pattern of ailments is changing and the "degenerative diseases," like heart, circulation and nerve diseases and cancer, are increasing because, by and large, they are diseases of ageing. Moreover, the strictures which Sir John Charles applies to those parents who allow more deaths by accident of children in the home than there are on the roads, and who fail their children by not taking advantage of the Government supplies of fruit juices and cod-liver oil, are justified. A community can provide only the services; health then becomes the affair of the individual. And that is tragically illustrated by the evidence that half the women who died in childbirth did so because they or their relatives failed to co-operate in measures which would have saved their lives.

Beatus Samuel

The struggle for control of the Savoy Hotel company ended in a remarkable fashion. First, Mr. Samuel, protesting strongly against the "hiving off" of the Berkeley and other properties by the Savoy directors, asked for a Board of Trade investigation into this "aspect" of the company affairs. Next, he offered either to buy the Board's shareholdings at 62s. 6d. a share, or to sell his holding to the Board at that price. The Board at first refused to acquire Mr. Samuel's shares, stating that, in their opinion, the proper value of the stock was 40s., "if the company continued to operate exclusively as a hotel company." Then came a sudden change of mind: last Friday night, a joint statement by the Board and Mr. Samuel was issued announcing the end of "internal conflict." The Board would buy Mr. Samuel's shares at 62s. 6d., representing a total purchase price of £1,346,000, and the new company which was to take over the Berkeley would be wound up. Who put up the money to finance the Board's deal is unknown. As the market price of the shares is now around 49s., the directors and their backers stand to make a very heavy loss unless steps are taken to raise the market valuation either by higher dividends (but can these be earned?) or by carrying out, after all, Mr. Samuel's plan to turn the Berkeley into a more profitable block of offices. But, whatever be the directors' headaches, Mr. Samuel can congratulate himself. Not merely has he made a tidy profit, estimated at about £200,000, but he has received the blessing of every City Editor in the country for his success in preventing the Savoy directors from riding roughshod over the sacred rights of shareholders by "alienating"—doubtless with the best of intentions—part of their property. Seldom has a speculator in real estate been so blessed.

U.N. on Tour

Mrs. Pandit, president of the United Nations General Assembly, has made a commendable suggestion—that the Assembly should go on tour. She proposed that it should meet elsewhere than in New York, and not only in Europe but in Asia, so that delegates might gain a better understanding of problems, in the areas where they existed. It is, of course, convenient to have all the amenities and permanent conference facilities of the Manhattan headquarters and, as some of the U.N. specialised agencies have found, it is expensive and awkward to have to "lay on a circus." But it need not be done every year; perhaps every three or five years. Apart from the re-orientation value of meeting in Delhi or Bangkok, the political effects of meeting in Moscow or rebuilt Warsaw might be salutary for all concerned. Vishinsky, as the host, and Lodge, as the guest, might behave quite differently. In any event it is not healthy that the world should be constantly surveyed from one geographical vantage point. Perhaps when the U.N. gets around to disarmament, effect might be given to the not entirely facetious suggestion of converting an aircraft carrier into a conference-ship, with all the amenities and services permanently installed, for the use of U.N. and its agencies, to anchor in new regions.

WASHINGTON

Bermuda and Berlin

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Who is telling the truth about the American attitude to the coming Four Power conference in Berlin? U.S. journalists are justifiably puzzled on this point. On the afternoon of December 8 they sat in the press gallery of the United Nations Assembly and heard President Eisenhower deliver his celebrated atomic speech. In the course of his remarks, the President said:

> The Government of the United States approaches this (Berlin) conference with hopeful sincerity. We will bend every effort of our minds to the single purpose of emerging from that conference with tangible results toward peace—the only true way of lessening international tension.

Does Mr. Secretary Dulles share these hopes? It seems unlikely. Earlier on the very day that the President spoke, a highly responsible American official discussed the same theme with U.S. correspondents. The impression he gave was the opposite of that conveyed by the President. This competent spokesman of the Administration was utterly defeatist in his thinking about Berlin, as far as negotiations with the Russians go. Unlike the President, however, he spoke behind the screen of anonymity and to a few selected and trusted American journalists. Could it be that he therefore talked with greater candour than his chief? He argued that the Four Power conference at best would be an opportunity for pressing the Soviets "to expose the bankruptcy of their policy." Berlin, he emphasised, will be no occasion for reaching decisions. Indeed, he concluded, one cannot reasonably expect "constructive results" from that meeting.

In other American official quarters it was being said that the primary purpose of the Berlin discussions was less to hold serious negotiations with the Russians than to persuade the French, British and Germans that all means of seeking agreement with the Russians have been exhausted. From this it would follow, as the Administration sees it, that the sole alternative is rapid approval of E.D.C., and rearmament of Germany. Are the British and French going to Berlin in the same spirit? There is some ground for assuming this. Regardless of the immense popular support for his May 11 proposal, Churchill significantly refrained at Bermuda from raising the topic of a meeting with Malenkov. He avoided mentioning it not only at the plenary meetings of the Three but, according to a most reliable source, remained silent on this theme even in his intimate, confidential talks with Dwight Eisenhower.

The Americans are now convinced that Sir Winston has definitely shelved that project. Has he done so out of deference to Washington's distaste for it or because of Eden's coolness? They probably come to the same thing, for Eden is presumably against the conference with Malenkov owing to American opposition, and he may feel that to persevere in that suggestion would alienate Washington's already fluctuating affections. Eden and Dulles, it was disclosed, discussed the Trieste question only once, and that was while driving from the airport to the Mid-Ocean Club. They talked about Suez and other gnarled problems in their bathing costumes.

At one of the plenary sessions Churchill alluded obliquely to his idea that if France refuses to ratify E.D.C., then Germany should be taken straight into Nato. One of the participating diplomats quoted Sir Winston as saying if E.D.C. were to fail, he would want discussion "of some revamped form of Nato." Neither the Prime Minister nor anyone else has to my knowledge until now indicated how France's right to veto German membership in the Atlantic alliance is to be circumvented or overcome. Anyway, Dulles promptly answered Churchill at Bermuda by stating the American view that "the alternatives to E.D.C. are so feeble and hazardous that we don't want to discuss them."

Thanks to a French indiscretion, the spotlight was focused on the confidential discussions in Bermuda on the very first day. This was the occasion of the conferees' survey of post-Stalin Soviet policy. The contrast between Churchill's and Eisenhower's appraisals was sharp. Sir Winston said the West must be strong but must avail itself of contacts with the Russians "at all levels." It must try to infiltrate the Soviet Union culturally, he went on, and enlarge its trade with Russia. "There's a deep change inside the mighty Kremlin," Churchill was quoted as telling Eisenhower and Laniel, "and we should consider the situation in that light." Finally he urged that Russia be given assurances that "she won't get another dose of Hitler."

The President's assessment was very different. Sir Winston had spoken of post-Stalin Russia's new look. Mr. Eisenhower brushed this aside with the pleasantry that it was just the same woman in another dress; he argued again the American Government's familiar thesis that nothing essential in the U.S.S.R. has changed since Malenkov succeeded Stalin. M. Bidault talked of internal economic stress in the Soviet Union. He based his analysis almost entirely on the speech of Nikita Krushchev, the Party leader, who publicly divulged in October the Soviet failures in farm output, notably in livestock, ever since the revolution. Bidault implied that these deficiencies might make Moscow more amenable at the conference table: at least, one should keep an open mind as to new trends in Soviet policy.

We are sure to observe an outward display of solidarity among the three Western Powers at the impending meeting with Molotov. But the differences in approach to Russia are there. Bermuda dragged them further into the light.

Politics and the Canal

ONCE again the Suez negotiations are being bedevilled by domestic politics. Mr. Shinwell has, to put it mildly, caused a flutter in the Labour Party by a somewhat individual interpretation of Party policy; while, on the other side, thirty-five Tory M.P.s, led by Capt. Charles Waterhouse, have tabled a resolution, not only expressing their views that the Suez base should remain British, but demanding that the Government should suspend negotiations and take back the terms already offered. The suggestion of any significant division in the Labour Party about the desirability of an early agreement with Neguib can, we trust, be discounted. But the Tory resolution implies, in Parliamentary terms, the severest censure of the Government. The object of the rebels is clear enough—to drive a wedge between the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary—to put to the test, in other words, the theory that the aged Skipper might be induced to order the flighty young Mate off the bridge.

A few months ago Sir Winston agreed with his back-bench rebels about withdrawal, and he has only been brought to accept it with considerable reluctance. But it is emphatically endorsed, not only by Mr. Eden and Sir Ralph Stevenson, but by the Chiefs of Staff in London and by the military commanders in Suez. Moreover, no member of the Commonwealth has raised an objection, and the United States is known to regard an agreement as essential. Seldom has there been a great issue of Imperial policy on which there was such unanimity either among our own experts or among our allies. The only question now is whether the Government can go ahead and clinch the deal or be forced by its back-benchers to delay the decision once again.

Now that a decision has been reached in the Cabinet on the basic principle of the hand-over, there is nothing, from the British point of view, in favour of delay. Indeed, a glance at the history of British Middle Eastern policy since 1945 will show us how disastrous delay can be. Every month that we postpone this decision increases Egyptian ill-will and weakens our bargaining position. Mr. Eden could have obtained an excellent agreement if he had at once accepted General Neguib's plan for Sudanese independence and negotiated the Suez withdrawal in the atmosphere of cordiality thereby created. He could have obtained good, but less favourable, terms if he had clinched the deal once the Sudan agreement was signed last February. He could have obtained an adequate agreement if he had not waited to see how the Sudan elections would turn out. No one can pretend that, after this series of delays, the British position is more favourable: it can be predicted with certainty that it will deteriorate still further if we wait any longer.

Yet the inane delay continues because Sir Winston and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Eden, are hesitant to take the plunge. Having accused the Labour Government of scuttle, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary are scared of having the same charge levelled against them, and keenly dislike the prospect of being compelled to rely on Socialist votes in order to obtain a majority for their policy in the Commons. So they sit on the bank, with their toes immersed in the icy water.

When the Government is so weak, a grave responsibility rests on the Labour Party. Will it succumb to the temptation to give tit for tat and behave as irresponsibly in Opposition to Sir Winston as he behaved in Opposition to them? Some Party tacticians are already suggesting that it might be possible to contrive the defeat of the Government in a General Election by making common cause with Mr. Julian Amery and Mr. Enoch Powell. These tactical considerations are buttressed by one argument of substance. The Labour Party rightly feels that there should be no appeasement of Egypt which jeopardises the safety of Israel. It was this thought, no doubt, which led Mr. Shinwell, in addressing the annual dinner of the Glasgow Jewish Institute last Sunday, to claim that he was voicing the official Labour policy in asserting that "the policy of scuttle does not ensure peace," and then going on to suggest that, in its negotiations with the Junta in Cairo, the Government "seems to be giving too much away."

We welcome Mr. Shinwell's timely concern for Israeli security. But he can hardly maintain that this country should go back on its repeated solemn promises to withdraw from Suez, or maintain a vast army there, merely in order to secure the Israeli frontier. Moreover, it can be secured in other ways. By the tripartite declaration of 1948, Britain, France and America are solemnly pledged to go to the assistance of Israel if it is attacked. If the Labour Party does not think this a sufficient guarantee, it can urge that Britain should take over the Gaza strip, now occupied by the Egyptians, and maintain a small force there to pacify the frontier. And it can reasonably oppose any suggestion that the huge British Army at Suez should be replaced by a huge Egyptian Army, built at the expense of the British and American taxpayer, which could be used for a Second Round. What it cannot do, without laying itself open to the charge of sheer irresponsibility, is to join forces with the Tory opponents of "scuttle" and to exploit the Israeli issue for purely tactical purposes; and what it cannot do without forfeiting its growing influence in Middle East affairs is to split on an issue where no split is necessary.

Pitfalls For a Labour Government

WHEN Labour returns to power, as it well may do at the next General Election, it will find itself committed, not merely to repairing the damage done by the Tories to the pattern of social justice, but to a vast expansion of industrial and agricultural output, and to considerable extensions of the Welfare State. It would be tragic if the Party were to enter a new period of office without a clear appreciation of the implications and the limitations of its programme. A victory in those circumstances would assuredly be followed by an economic crisis—no doubt as unexpected as its precursors in 1947, 1949, 1951, and even 1931—simply because the large extension of consumption Socialism, which the Party seems to envisage, is wholly incompatible with the orderly functioning of the basically untouched capitalist system which is simultaneously taken for granted, at any rate by the leadership. The Party, in other words, is committed, not to anything which is specifically Socialist, but to costly extensions of social service, coupled with a very large further investment in capitalist industry and agriculture.

The commitment, indeed, which the Party has undertaken in an effort to secure the nation's economic independence would, in any case, represent a large drain on productive resources. An export surplus of some £300m. has been mentioned as the target. The increase in domestic productive investment would require initially a further £2-300m. per annum at least, while direct assistance to the Sterling Area, through stabilising primary prices, might easily represent an additional burden of £100m. or £200m. Since the Tories came into power, Britain has obtained considerable relief, some £400-£600m. annually, through the improvement in the terms of trade. But most of this gain has been absorbed by either increased Defence expenditure, housing or increased middle-class consumption. Meanwhile, no further easement from this source can be expected. Indeed, it is more likely that renewed pressure will be felt on export prices. Only an American slump could improve our terms of trade further than they have improved. But an American slump would be ruinous for British exports.

Thus, the measures proposed in *Challenge to Britain* and endorsed at the last Labour Party Conference involve, inescapably, either a cut in Defence expenditure or a considerable sacrifice in consumption. This is the issue which has been shirked. Defence is apparently to be stabilised at something like its present level, and at that level given something like an absolute priority, while there is no recognition that the corollary of this is the cutting of consumption. Consequently, there is no indication that the Party has faced the problem of deciding the nature of the economic control which would have to be reimposed, to enable consumption to be cut selectively and as an act of policy. Yet unless this can be achieved, where is the rest of the programme? It almost looks as if Labour hopes to enjoy the popularity of the liberalisation of consumption carried out by the Tories and yet to retain the cake of investment and economic independence.

If we look at the Party's commitments in more detail, no one will deny that much must be done to reverse the recent trend towards "unfair shares." During the war, price-control and other measures increased the wage earner's slice of the national income from roughly 33 per cent. to some 38 per cent. before tax. If direct taxes are taken into account, the increase was from 35.5 per cent. to 42 per cent. There it was stabilised by the Labour Government, despite pressure from the then Opposition to restore the "incentives" of private enterprise. Under the present Government this pattern has been radically changed. The higher incomes have benefited more than the lower from remission of direct taxes, and the effect of changes in indirect taxation has been similar. Since 1950, policies which ensured that the cost of living rose proportionately less for the poorer workers have been overturned: owing to cuts in food subsidies, the cost of living for working-class families, according to the Ministry of Labour, has risen by some 22 per cent., whereas the general price index affecting the rest of the population has increased by less than 12 per cent. —thanks partly to lower purchase tax on many expensive durable goods. The progressive abandon-

ment of rationing has enabled the better-to-do to increase their share of total consumption—the "power of the purse" in their case being fortified by the results of relaxed restraints on dividends and issues of bonus shares. Yet, in the light of the experience even of 1946-50, it is a dangerous illusion to suppose that we can avoid inflation and monetary disasters if our full-employment policy is not supplemented by a national wage and price policy. The present Tory policy has led to serious labour unrest. But the failure to replace wage-restraint by a more permanent policy threatened stability even while the Labour Government was in office.

Labour's Costly Promises

Pledged to secure our economic independence, to right wrongs lately done to its conception of social justice, and to bestow more widely—on pensioners, schoolchildren, the sick, the unemployed—the benefits of a Welfare regime, the Labour Party has made, at least implicitly, some very expensive promises. If we are to take literally Dr. Summerskill's recent suggestion that the price of protective foodstuffs is to recover the relation to income attained under the Labour Government, the cost, according to Mr. Butler, would be over £800m. annually. In any case, given the existing level of wages, even to assure lower-paid workers' families an adequacy of basic foods would certainly involve restoration of subsidies on a substantial scale. But this is not all: housing standards are to be raised, new schools provided, and the Health Service improved and freed from charges on patients. In a lecture to the Manchester Fabians, Mr. James Griffiths put the cost of these reforms and of the "natural increase of existing services" at a figure rising, by 1958, to an annual £355m. Again, according to Mr. Griffiths, the pledge to revise insurance benefits in conformity with living costs would involve a further £140m. a year. A more modest interpretation of this promise would cost only £20m. annually; but, though there may be room for manœuvre in actual budgeting, it seems a fair inference that the Party is committed, by implication, to an increase in social benefits costing at least £600m. a year at once, with progressive additions in later years. Over and above this, the Party is pledged to secure, in furtherance of an expansive economy and a larger national income, an increase in capital investment amounting to between £600m. and £800m. annually.

How are these resources—equivalent to a tenth of the total national income—to be secured? No doubt, in the long run, the expansion of investment would bring with it an expansion of national output adequate to support the burden—though it is difficult to forecast this with confidence unless there were a parallel drastic cut in Defence expenditure. But, at best, there would inevitably be an awkward initial period of adjustment; and, on the most sanguine estimates of the fruits of expansion, there would clearly have to be a radical stepping-up of taxation both on big incomes and, almost inevitably, capital. In these circumstances, is there any warrant for the assumption that private enterprise, still left intact in over 80 per cent. of the national economy, would respond to Government exhortation to expand output?

Why should private enterprise expand? It did not expand sufficiently in the most urgently required directions when the post-war boom was unbroken, and capital taxation did not threaten. In some sections of industry, at any rate, it accumulated and sedulously hoarded orders at the cost of some goodwill and loss of markets—preferring this to the risk of being landed with excess capacity in the future. Is it anything but fantastic to expect an accelerated expansion now, when resurgent Japanese and German competitors prowl in our markets, and when the shadow of an American recession is beginning to strike a chill of unease in Europe? And suppose, even, that private enterprise were willing to take such unusual risks, where would the capital come from? Ploughed-back profits would not be sufficient. Nationalisation "for its own sake," which might set free a gusher of risk capital by displacing equity investment by Government obligations, is ruled out for the next Labour Government, while even the establishment of a State Investment Board is apparently considered unnecessary or too unconventional. To imagine that private capital will effectively provide the sinews for an extension of the Welfare State is an illusion of which Labour had better rid itself before it comes to power.

It is worth pointing out, indeed, that even the public corporations created by the Labour Government have a very low efficiency as instruments of planning or precisely selective investment. They have been shackled by their charters to a modified version of the profit motive. Their accounts must be balanced—allowing for the repayment of interest on Government stock, they are under a more serious obligation to achieve an operating profit than they were, in some cases, before nationalisation. Obligations of this kind do not permit much latitude in imaginative forward planning. The failure, for instance, under the Labour Government, to expand coke oven and pig iron capacity, to attain investment targets in coal, and to limit investment in electricity is striking. So far from creating a flexible machinery of planning, the Labour Government's approach to national ownership tended to create isolated and irresponsible areas of managerial power which proved irresponsive to the needs of the community and unable to inspire their workers. A sort of Guild Capitalism grew up, with most of the evils and few of the benefits of Guild Socialism, an unholy mixture between unplanned competition and centralised monopoly.

The Levers of Power

Leaving on one side this problem of investment, there is implicit in the Labour Party's programme the assumption that a Labour Government would be able to impose its will on the nation's economy at least in a negative sense. Yet this assumption, too, is an illusion, or, at any rate, begs a difficult question. The next Labour Government will not have at its fingertips those levers, inadequate even though they were, which it held between 1945 and 1950. It then inherited an almost intact war economy, hardly distinguishable from a fully planned system: this legacy of existing wartime controls far offset in value the handicaps due to war damage and losses. Even so, the means which the Government possessed to discipline and direct private enterprise were far from completely effective. The control over capital issues did not prevent investment from differing widely and wildly from estimates. The powers taken under the 1946 Act over the banking system proved grossly inadequate. The Court of the "nationalised" Bank of England was more hostile to the purposes of Labour than its "private" predecessor. Mr. Gaitskell's instructions to restrict credit could be, and were, disobeyed with impunity, and necessary cuts in imports could not be enforced for months. In 1951, conclusive proof was given that the enemies of Labour still held the economic power to produce, for Labour, a political crisis.

Recently published figures of Britain's "critical" balance of foreign payments in that year are highly significant. It will be recalled that the original diagnosis of the trouble was that the rise in the price of imports had driven Britain "into the red." The gap in Britain's accounts was estimated at £521m., which more than accounted for the gold loss of £344m. There had been, it was admitted, an increase in commodity stocks, but this had cost only £370m.—a not immoderate figure if the diminution of stocks during the previous year were taken into account. These statistics, it now turns out, conveyed a completely misleading picture. The figure for the increase of stocks in 1951 has now been officially amended to £610m.; and the volume of "investment" abroad is now revealed to have been £315m., or over £100m. more than the original estimate. These two corrections are equal to the whole of the loss of gold which produced the "exchange crisis" and killed the Labour Government. That is to say, the fall of Labour was brought about largely by a speculative flight of capital and equally speculative purchases, for stock, of imported goods. Government controls were inadequate to forestall or prevent this attack due to lack of "confidence." There is no need to talk in terms of a capitalist "conspiracy"; the instinctive response is quite sufficient to upset a Labour Government.

Free Markets and "Crisis"

The next Labour Government will be infinitely more vulnerable. The process of "liberalisation," begun before 1951—the stoking of the bonfire of controls lighted, so ill-advisedly, in an effort to secure press popularity—has been pursued with gusto by the Tories. Restraint on dividends has gone with the wind; control over capital issues has been virtually abandoned; the machinery for planning the activity of the building industry has been largely dismantled; rationing of consumption is being ended; and freedom in "commodity markets" is all but complete. Thus, even if an American crisis does not impose new, grave strains on the country at the time when Labour may expect to return to power, the balance of payments is much more exposed to artificially induced crisis than it was in 1951. It is folly to assume that Labour can manage with the controls with which the Tories, who have the active co-operation of the owning classes, can "get by." Indeed, it is questionable whether even the Tories will not be forced to reverse some of their recent measures of liberalisation if the present recession in the U.S. continues and deepens.

Can there be any doubt that "crisis" is deliberate policy in the City, and that a deep pit is being dug ready to open below the feet of any Labour Government which, if it is not to dishonour pledges to its Party, must carry out a fiscal policy hateful to the rich? In the *Investors' Chronicle* of October 3, a columnist, commenting on this year's Labour Conference, wrote:

> But in the wrong conditions—and this cannot be emphasised too strongly—in the wrong conditions, the changes would make our economy much more vulnerable than it was when Labour was last in office. Free commodity markets and reliance on private traders increase very considerably the danger of speculative movements. And it's all Lombard Street to a china orange that the re-election of a Labour Government committed to the policies laid down in *Challenge to Britain* would not be well received abroad. Of course, we may be sure that the new Government would do all it could to reverse the recent trend towards freedom; . . . but in 1945-51 the Socialists inherited all the wartime paraphernalia of controls. . . . This time they would have to erect them, and a long and difficult process it would be. In the meantime, we might well see one of those sharp and big changes in sentiment which, as recent history has proved, can have so powerful an influence on our

balance of payments and gold and dollar reserves. . . .

Because so many commodities have been freed, sterling has already achieved a greater degree of convertibility than the Socialists realise. We must hope the Conservative Government will push on with its convertibility programme still more energetically.

The meaning is plain. Alive to the fact that the nationalised sector is too small, and under too conservative management to provide a Socialist Government with the means for ensuring the success of an expansionist policy, the City is confident that the abandonment of controls now enables it to create, when it will, a devastating loss of "political confidence." If Labour ignores this warning, there will be a repetition of the debacle of 1931 when—as Mr. Dalton has put it—"Mr. Snowden's too tight grip on money and Mr. Macdonald's too loose grip on ideas" led to the disintegration of the Cabinet and a fatal blow to the Party.

Nor should it be forgotten that even the war and its deadly threat did not secure smooth acceptance of planning and controls. The Chamberlain era of "business as usual" should be remembered. So, indeed, should the reluctance of the Civil Service to impose the necessary measures of economic mobilisation. Up to the end of the war, the full provisions of the Emergency Powers' Act had hardly ever been invoked to secure the compliance of the entrepreneurs, while in the Commonwealth the Act was not applied at all.

The Moral for the Party

What moral is to be learned? Surely that before its return to power, Labour must work out a detailed pattern of controls which can be quickly and effectively imposed to prevent a fall into the pit which is being dug. These would have to include, at any rate, the reimposition of licensing control over imports, followed by a restoration of State trading in all important staple imports. Priorities for export orders will have to be re-established and enforced. The control over foreign exchange dealings will have to be both tightened and extended to foil the skilful evasions which endangered our balance of payments in 1947 and again in 1951. As a counterpart of these direct controls over foreign trade and payments, the powers over the banking system and the capital market must be realistically reassessed.

Economic regimentation is *per se* unpopular: no one likes rationing; no one applauds restrictive economic controls for their own sake. But at all costs the experiences of 1931 and 1951 must be avoided next time: it would be a tragedy if the whole gamut of insecurity, crisis and unemployment had to be traversed again in order to learn the lesson of uncontrolled markets. In the attitude of Labour leadership there is a disquieting tendency to insist that, if electoral favours are to be won, the Party's programme must be "realistic", in the sense of promising what the mass of the voters want—i.e., welfare—and sliding over the less palatable fact that increased welfare not only means more burdens for some, but a system of minimum essential controls extending even to wages. That is not realism; it is the attitude of the economic ostrich. The Party must realise that, if the non-revolutionary programme to which it is committed is to be carried out, not merely will its enemies be hurt but they will retaliate. Against their counter-attack, in the absence of a minimum of essential controls, whose technique must be planned *in advance*, the next Labour Government will be hopelessly vulnerable.

THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

No matter how artful the propaganda, you simply can't conceal the railwayman's plight. We all see him and talk to him every day; and we are all conscious that he is being shabbily treated. I don't know whether it is more scandalous that the crack engine driver should get only 50s. a week more than the Grade II porter, or that the porter should have to maintain the decencies—to say nothing of the pleasures—of life on a wage of 117s. 6d. In presenting the N.U.R. case to the Railway Staffs' Tribunal last month, Mr. Jim Campbell gave some astonishing examples of the drift from the railways, not of those who ought to be "rationalised" out anyway, but of the most highly-skilled long-service men. How can one make sense, for instance, of the case of the signalman at Newton St. Boswells, who, after thirty-five years' service, finds a better living keeping pigs; or of the two guards and a driver at a Welsh depot, who, after 10, 15, and 17 years' service respectively, now work as a milk roundsman, a labourer, and an outfitters' assistant? What can we, the employers, say to the N.U.R. branch secretary in Scotland, who complains of the domestic friction in railwaymen's homes because their wives inevitably meet with other workers' wives and discuss their husbands' wages? Rowntree and Lavers, in their 1950 *Survey of York*, naturally quoted a good many railway budgets. At that time these were all just above Rowntree's rather low-drawn poverty line: today, I think, a good many wouldn't be. The line, however, is arbitrary—the facts are not; and I recall the *Survey*'s comment on a railway worker, with a wife and four children, who, including all social benefits, had a total income of £7 10s 1d. The family could not make ends meet: they were in debt: they could not afford school dinners for the youngest child: they spent no money on amusements or holidays: the "only luxury," said the *Survey*, "is the husband's smoking (20 or 30 cigarettes a week)." I feel a sense of personal guilt at being such a bad employer. Nor do I escape it by pointing to the folly of the Government or hiding behind the smooth words of the bowler-hatted bureaucrats we depute to run this public service on our behalf.

* * *

A letter in the *Manchester Guardian* of December 10 from Sir Andrew McFadyean, Chairman of the Pacific Relations Committee of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, throws a very odd light on Chatham House. A fortnight earlier the *Guardian*, in a leader very wisely deploring the demise of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, had written, "the first suggestion that the American Council should . . . commit suicide was made by a British representative of Chatham House . . ."; and, later, ". . . because Chatham House was associated with the original suggestion to disband the American Council . . . [it] may share in the odium for what has happened." Sir Andrew's letter denied this "inaccurate" report: "no representative of Chatham House has ever ventured to give the American I.P.R. advice on the conduct of its affairs." The *Guardian* published a long footnote at the bottom of this letter, quoting extensively from its "minuted remarks of the Chatham House representative" at the New York meeting this Spring of the I.P.R. International Council. It showed, in my view conclusively, that its original words were fully justified, and that Sir Andrew's disclaimer was not. Indeed, in a further letter this week, Sir Andrew does not seriously challenge the accuracy of the *Guardian*'s report, though he complains about the leakage of a "confidential document" not intended to be "public property." It seems a most regrettable affair. I hope that the odium, which Chatham House must incur as the result of such deplorable behaviour by its ruling clique, will not do it lasting damage.

* * *

Current *couloir* gossip in the Commons, I'm told, is the shocking story revealed in the full proceedings of the Griffiths trial. These are now available to M.P.s: not, so far, to the public. But there are no security considerations, and we are all concerned in this national shame. I suggest that we are all given the chance to know the worst. M.P.s can do better than whispering the scandal in the privileged seclusion of the Commons. They can insist that Mr. Head publishes the full transcript—without expurgation.

* * *

Vicky's parting from the *News Chronicle* is a sad affair. They have "not always been able to see eye to eye" . . . "on a number of things." Well, well! Whoever would expect an individual genius like Vicky to see eye to eye on everything with an editorial board! It looks to me as if the pundits of Bouverie Street have failed to grasp the basic truth that you cannot employ a cartoonist of Vicky's greatness unless you are prepared to give him a tolerance far beyond what a normal contributor could expect. Lord Beaverbrook demonstrated that, unmistakably, in his long relation with David Low. Now the *News Chronicle*, in failing to provide satisfactory conditions for Vicky, makes us wonder whether it is doing an injustice both to its own liberal professions and to a man who runs neck and neck with Low for the title of the most brilliant political cartoonist of the last twenty-five years. It is hard to guess the effect on the paper of Vicky's loss. In recent months the layout and appearance of the *Chronicle* have been vastly improved—its front page is now one of the most glittering shop-windows in Fleet Street. But what of the goods inside? Vicky's going will tip the political balance well to the Right. The paper is lucky in having Lobby and Industrial correspondents of high repute, but it looks as if the main political flavour will in future be imparted by its becobwebbed political columnist. Rather a case of a shop window all dressed up, and nothing much to sell.

* * *

It is a privilege for this journal that we shall be publishing drawings by Vicky during the month of January, when otherwise he would not be appearing anywhere. His "impressions" of the famous, which will appear weekly in the New Year, represent personal caricaturing at its wittiest and deftest. I am hopeful that, apart from this series, Vicky will find that his future commitments will permit him, from time to time, to make his pungent political comments in our pages. He will not, I can assure him, be censored.

* * *

The case of George Barker's poem, "True Confessions," and the B.B.C. is not satisfactorily disposed of by the comfortable reflection that it is, in any case, a poor poem. It is very likely true that, on grounds of literary judgment, it ought not to have wasted the precious minutes that are allotted by the B.B.C. to poetry. But the complaint against it was laid by Lord Balfour of Inchrye on the grounds that it was pornographic—a "particularly offensive document," he called it. The Chairman of Governors of the B.B.C. apologised publicly, and indicated that the producer's knuckles had been severely rapped. But for

what? For the literary poverty of the poem? I think not—and, in any case, there is not much point in having a Third, if the standards of literary taste are to be laid down, not by reputable critics, but by Sir Alexander Cadogan and Lord Balfour. For its subject matter then—the seamy side of sex? That is presumably what Lord Balfour described as pornography, and what Sir Alexander thought should never have been broadcast. But if that standard were accepted, prurient busybodies would next succeed in banning matter of real literary merit. May we not hear extracts from *Ulysses* or *The Golden Asse* or—closest parallel, perhaps—*Two Married Women and a Widow*, because they aren't "nice"? I don't deny Lord Balfour his right to complain; but the purpose of the Third is to provide, for those who care to listen, matter which for one reason or another is unsuitable for wide, popular consumption. And you cannot attain the standards which are demanded, unless you give producers the freedom to make occasional errors in literary judgment. Sir Alexander, by an abject apology which failed to assert this principle, showed less than the Olympian quality his job demands.

* * *

I strongly commend an important and encouraging pamphlet—*Waging Peace* (6d.; from the authors at 10 Gerald Rd., S.W.1)—published this week by three Labour M.P.s, Sir Richard Acland, Mr. Fenner Brockway and Mr. Leslie Hale. The authors have secured a broad endorsement of their views from a great variety of influential figures, who agree with them that the assumptions on which British Foreign and Defence policy has been based during the last three years are no longer valid, and support their call for a vigorous and independent campaign to recognise that the basic fact of the modern world is the ever-spreading Colonial revolution, and, as they put it, to "wage peace." This phrase, ugly but vivid, is destined, very likely, to become fashionable political jargon, in the same way as "mutual aid" or "the Welfare State." I hazard a guess—without inside information—that it is the child of Acland, who combines with a most far-seeing and astute political brain the stylistic evangelism of a Victorian preacher.

* * *

If you are caught next week—I assume that like myself you will be—without cards, at a time when the inexpensive trays are reduced to a draggle of dog-ears and fingermarks, here is a tip which won't cost too much and will serve a cause which most people would want to support anyway: as last year, the U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund (39 Kingsway, W.C.2) is raising funds by selling Christmas cards. Lewitt-Him have done them five designs of children at play; and Matisse one of the U.N. as a Torch of Hope. Ninepence each—but I've seen no jollier cards anywhere.

FLAVUS

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

"SANTA ON THIN ICE"
(A Political Pantomime)
(Book by Tom Driberg, Lyrics by Sagittarius, Décor by Anton)

The Hesperides Conference
By J. B. Priestley

The Decline of Reporting
By Alexander Werth

Two NEW STATESMAN Christmas Stories

A French View of Indo-China

[M. Claude Bourdet, who contributes the following article, is the Editor of the Paris weekly, *L'Observateur*.]

IN 1945 the last Emperor of Annam, Bao-Dai, abdicated and legally surrendered sovereignty to President Ho Chi Minh of the Vietnamese Republic. The French at first recognised the new Republic; after long negotiations, however, the growing demand by Imperial and financial interests for a "show down" led to the French naval attack on Haiphong in November, 1946, to the declaration that President Ho was a "rebel," and to the seven-year war for the reconquest of Indo-China. During this war the Vietnamese Republic has been steadily growing stronger; it has a regular army of at least 300,000 men, and probably twice as many in partisan units. The army is well equipped with light arms, machine guns, many mortars and light anti-aircraft. It has a unique technique of jungle warfare, hits devastatingly on the weak points of the French forces, then disappears when the French rush in with tanks and Bearcat fighter-bombers.

The Republic now holds nearly all the mountain areas; the last French citadel in the Northern mountains, Lai-Chau, was evacuated last week. The French control the large towns—Saigon, Hanoi, Haiphong, a few others on the coast—and some highlands inhabited by non-Vietnamese tribes. In the Southern plains, the situation is curious: the French control them by daytime, the Republican "maquis" by night; during the day, the "maquis" become peaceful peasants. In the fertile Northern Tonkin delta things are even stranger. Despite a belt of forts, "the De Lattre line," built all around the plain and much publicised at the time, the Republican army infiltrates inside the delta whole regiments of its regular troops, who then combine with the "maquis" to attack French lines of communication and destroy small units.

All this is made possible for the Republic because it can rely on total and wholehearted co-operation by the Vietnamese peasants, who guide its troops, inform them of all the movements of the French, hide them when necessary, sometimes in the numerous "underground caves," whose existence has been revealed recently to the French public by a bitter autobiographic novel *Opération Gachis* (Operation Waste) written by a soldier-writer returned from Indo-China.

President Ho Chi Minh remains the national hero of the Vietnamese. An old French settler, who knows the country well, wrote me last week from French-controlled Saigon that the women in the market speak of Ho as a saint: "He's their Joan of Arc." The fact that Ho is a Communist, that many of his Ministers and generals are Communists, doesn't seem to impress anybody, except the landowners. Indeed, many prominent in Ho's regime are non-Communist—Catholic priests, Buddhist leaders; and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Giam, is a Socialist. But it is clear that the duration of the war, the efforts of the French to divide Vietnamese nationalism, the hostile attitude taken by the Western Powers towards Ho, the help given since 1949 by Communist China (no troops, no officers, few technical advisers, but increasing supplies of armament) have enormously increased Communist prestige and influence in Vietnam.

And Bao-Dai? In 1948, the French fished out the ex-Emperor from his luxurious retirement in Cannes and Hong Kong, put him back despite his abdication in the unclear position of "Head of the State" (he's not officially "Emperor," but he's officially called "His Majesty"), tried to rally around him Vietnamese anti-Communist nationalists, but were reluctant to give the Bao-Dai State any real power. Under the pressure of Ho Chi Minh's victories, Bao-Dai and his friends, helped by American influence, clamoured year after year for more independence, and the French administration was grudgingly compelled to satisfy some of their demands—even to the extent of building as a "Vietnamese army" the indigenous troops recruited primarily by the French with the intention of filling the gaps of their own forces.

Now, recruiting soldiers in a famine-stricken population may be relatively easy; making officers and giving them a fighting spirit seems to be far more difficult. Up to now, small Vietnamese units have been successfully incorporated in the French army, consisting mainly, in the ranks, of Senegalese, Moroccans, or German mercenaries. But the use of Bảo-Dai's army seems to be confined to a modest role. "His Majesty" complains, says the French don't play ball; the French army answers that pure Vietnamese units won't fight—they fight like the devil on the other side—and aren't even reliable. In fact, some units have passed over to the Republicans complete.

How long is this going to last? "Ten years, if necessary," was once the answer of Ho Chi Minh's top general, Vo-Nguyen Giap. The Republic can't throw out the French, on account of their huge superiority of armament, but it can make life nastier and nastier for them. The French, even if Bao-Dai's army became anything like real, can't hope, especially in a mountainous jungle country, to beat the infinite resources of a peasant population united against foreign occupation. On the other hand, if the French left Bao-Dai to resist alone, even his best supporters acknowledge he would be wiped out in a few

GALLANT GASTRONOME

A guest at the *Réunion des Gastronomes* banquet lost consciousness after the soup. Ten minutes later he was back at his table.—*News item.*

It was turtle, turtle all the way
With gastronomes lapping it up like mad,
When one began to heave and sway,
Looking and feeling extremely bad
After one helping of *consommé*.

His lifeless form on a couch they laid
(Little the *gourmets* cared or knew)
While pallid waiters applied first aid,
From his clutching fingers the spoon withdrew,
And with *eau glacé* his temples sprayed.

Rendered unconscious by the soup
A common diner would say "Enough!"
Poisson and *rôti* would make him droop,
But gastronomes are of sterner stuff—
The *gourmet* rallied, rejoined the group.

Gastronomes jest at slight mishaps!
Summoning up his gastric force,
After his total but brief collapse
The diner stayed till the final course—
Ranks of banqueters showed no gaps.

Back at table the *gourmet* stoked
(Laughing off *potage de tortue clair*),
Saddle of lamb and woodcock smoked,
Entremets, friandises, vins, dessert
He gallantly tackled and never choked.

So festive dinners let none dismay
Who guzzle abroad or gorge at home!
If you faint at the *consommé*,
Remember the gallant gastronome,
And play your part on Christmas Day!

SAGITTARIUS

days. More American armaments? That would be immediately answered by more Chinese armaments; and, anyhow, heavy armament is not a decisive weapon in the jungle. American military intervention? This would mean immediately Chinese troops to the help of Ho.

Moreover, the French are getting weary. A Right-wing financial paper in Paris last month wrote: "Every class of society has had enough of this war." It costs some 700-800 billion francs a year, twice as much as American aid to France. France loses each year, killed, maimed or taken prisoner, nearly as many officers as her training schools turn out. And now the logic of the war has brought this weariness near disgust. Last month, the anti-Communist, Vietnamese, holding a Congress in Saigon, asked for complete independence, and refused the narrow and centralistic "French Union"; they would not be puppets. This straw broke the camel's back—the camel being French opinion. "Why the devil are we ruining ourselves and destroying our army in Indo-China?" said even extreme reactionaries. A debate was called in Parliament, against the Government's wish, at the end of October; nearly every intervention, whether from Right, Left or Centre, was in favour of some kind of negotiation with the enemy; and even M. Laniel, however reluctantly (fearing American resentment), had to say a few words about France's readiness to consider an "honourable" settlement.

Then, on November 30, came the interview of President Ho published in Stockholm by the *Expressen*. Ho said he was ready for talks. It must be remembered that his peace proposals, interviews or declarations in favour of peace, in 1947, 1948 and 1949, had been ignored by the French. After that, he never referred to peace without demanding, as a preliminary condition, the evacuation of the French army. This was always used by the French Government as a proof that peace was "impossible"; and French liberals could only answer that France could easily make a counter-proposal. This time, Ho makes no preliminary demand, and there is a growing majority of French opinion which believes that peace can now be reached.

In Saigon, the Ho proposal—repeated twice at a week's distance by the Republican radio—fell like a bomb. In the first hours, the Bao-Dai circles were wild with panic, saying France was "betraying" them. Then they realised they must cope with the intense urge of the population towards peace; first Bao-Dai's Prime Minister Tam, then "His Majesty" himself took a more favourable position towards possible negotiations.

But the decisive factor will be the amount of pressure put by the American Government on the French to prevent such negotiations, and the extent towards which the Right-wing majority in the French Parliament will be ready to endure American displeasure. From what is known of the Bermuda Conference, the French were only promised more arms and encouraged to fight—which doesn't solve anything. Britain could do a lot to help the French, and does little. It is strange that Sir Winston doesn't realise that peace in Indo-China would immediately enable the French to support his drive for the resumption of normal relations with China.

Many people in Paris begin to say that, instead, the British Prime Minister finds it convenient to sacrifice France to American policy, both in Asia and in Europe—this token of Anglo-Saxon co-operation being the rather cheap and convenient price he is prepared to pay in order to allay American resentment against Britain's own policy in Asia.

CLAUDE BOURDET

"We Ain't Living"

CORA was known in Washington, D.C., as the undisputed queen of Dixon Court. Five years ago Elisa attempted to compete for the honoured title, but this affront was soon settled by means of a duel fought with broken whisky bottles. These were used not as long-range missiles but for close hand-to-hand combat. In the fight, Cora's competitor was badly cut about the face and arms, a siren screamed, the police arrived, quelled the disturbance, and took Elisa away. Dixon Court settled down again to its unmuted life behind the decrepit clapboard fronts.

Cora's authority was derived not only from her twenty-two stones, her bass voice and a lashing tongue, but primarily from the considerable social status she had acquired in being able to consume a "fifth" of whisky by herself without shame or consequences. It was widely rumoured that she was reared on "sneaky pete" and "moonshine." Indeed she seemed to approve of this method of body and character building as I saw her counting the drops of whisky which she added to the baby's milk bottle.

The struggles involved in a mere subsistence economy and substandard housing were not new to Cora. Hominy grits and occasionally "pigs trotters" had fed the family for years. It was the prospect of economic advancement which lured Cora and Bill and their four children away from the rural isolation of Virginia's tobacco lands. They settled in Dixon Court in 1940, within the shadow of the capital, in a house condemned twenty years previously, seeking economic opportunities for which they were prepared to work hard. They discovered slowly and painfully that such opportunities remained cut in stones on the walls of the Lincoln Memorial. Cora kept hoping for that "break," but such hopes have been chilled by a creeping cynicism and its concomitant—escapism.

In police lingo, Dixon Court breeds the "rough type." The police patrol the area in sleek black radio-equipped Fords. Many of the "cops" are Negroes who have established a rather notorious reputation in this all-Negro community for their repeated acts of forcible status assertion *vis-à-vis* their fellows. To this the community retaliates with a calculated social ostracism.

Dixon Court is a slum of precariously perched matchboxes providing an ideal fire hazard and all the opportunities for overcrowding, ill-health and delinquency. Ironically, this slum has been referred to as "redevelopment area number one" ("They has been redeveloping us for thirty years") by the National Slum Clearance Administration and the National Housing Authority. Owned by a young real estate agent and a retired police chief, the forty houses in Dixon Court pay a handsome profit at thirty-two dollars per month for two rooms with no kind of sanitation, indoor water supply or electricity. Until recently an outhouse served some twenty families. Real estate men hiding behind the "pending" clearance of the area have consistently refused to install improvements and evaded court orders.

Cora's neighbours, Elsie and Sam and their six children, live in one room. Elsie is only twenty-seven, but disillusionment about the future prospects for her children is already deeply rooted. During the day the children must play in the alley or on the rubble-covered concrete playground belonging to a condemned school. Come nightfall, Elsie tucks her children into bed, which presents a jig-saw puzzle. Then, while the children rest, she must try to keep awake to prevent rats from nibbling on the baby's feet and fingers. Until recently, rat bite was one of the main reasons for admission to the public hospital in Washington's South-west.

Dixon Court has served the Federal Government as a prototype, to show how bad alley housing can get, in their efforts to lay before Congress a Public Housing Bill against which the real estate lobby has thrown vast sums and a skilfully articulated opposition. In order to elicit interest in this Bill, and include Washington, D.C., in its provision (for some strange reason it had been left out) a senior Public Health Doctor persuaded a group of Congressmen to visit this area. Senators and Representatives expressed awe and a sense of ignorance that such conditions prevailed. ("I always thought they had such things only in Russia.") Two representatives fell through floor boards in a house only to discover a large nest of rats, some poisoned and some very much alive. One distinguished Senator was accidentally locked into the only toilet (of which the flushing mechanism had been broken for a considerable time) only to emerge with the question, "How far can these flies fly? Could they reach the Senate Office Building?"

To ask Cora about her future and the future of her children elicits a fixed and glassy stare, a shrug of the shoulder, and a professional spit into an open sewer. Her fortitude is as deep as her love for her children; she will not give up. But her happiness is not found in watching her children get on in the world, at school, at college, in the home or professionally. Only too often her smiles and her coarse and deep laugh is proportional to the depth of the whisky bottle which she calls "that filthy stuff" and at other times "that joy juice."

Evening falls, and Cora and I sit on her front door steps, watching the coming and going in Dixon Court. Across from us, Eremus is fixing his front door which has come off the hinges, while farther down a few "boys" are rolling craps. The woodman's carriage, drawn by an emaciated-looking horse, appears at the far end. He draws up to Cora's house and she buys a basket full. He tells her the latest news of events in Queen's Courts. ("They is living like Kings over there, what with all that electricity and running water.") John has been posted to Korea; Jean has won a college scholarship and little

THIS ENGLAND

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I was horrified to hear in a recent broadcast about winemaking in France—that the maker, a large man with rolls of fat, stripped and got naked into the vat to stamp on the must. . . . No more French wines for me until they bathe in a normal manner. —Letter, *Recorder*. (Ivor W. Strong.)

Lonely gentlewoman seeks spiritually-minded person of either sex (age immaterial) with view to conducting telephone conversation on high spiritual plane.—Advt. in *London Weekly Advertiser*. (P. Hubball.)

Mr. ——, whose front window overlooks the statue, said: "The right place for such a statue is an art gallery. No man would want his wife or daughter to see it."—*News Chronicle*. (P. L. Jackson.)

It has been suggested that on-the-spot fines should be imposed on holiday-makers guilty of spreading litter. I myself believe that the amount of litter cluttering up our countryside is a menace, but this idea hits at the freedom of the individual. —Letter in *Everybody's*. (E. G. Warburton.)

"babe" Ralph has entered the children's hospital with advanced tuberculosis. And, oh yes, there was a stabbing there last night, but the "cops" arrived too late.

Cora takes another sip. It is late now. Air is a rare commodity. Only muggy, sticky heat hangs around. Cora's children appear from out of the darkness and ask her for food. She hands them some bread and oranges and soon they rush off again to play with an old tyre, which they roll repeatedly over a dead cat. Indoors the steady light of a candle throws a glimmer over a very dusty but smiling picture of F.D.R. which is flanked in turn by two large *Esquire* nudes. As I left Cora and started into the dark alleyway, her bass voice seemed very gentle as she shouted, "Tell them we ain't living, we is existing."

PETER GUTKIND

Film-making in Schools

(By a Correspondent)

"THE film is a new technique of expression that has become more widely influential than reading," says Roger Manvell. Who has better reason to agree than an English teacher, particularly if he works in an East End Grammar school? He is acutely aware that, while academic achievement is demanded, all the local conditions combine to paralyse the development of that habit of reading on which academic achievement is based. For 90 per cent. of the pupils, the cinema, not the book, is the predominent cultural influence out of school. In the belief that that influence could be constructively directed, and that film-making is an art form capable of subtle, sensitive and moving expression, a group of English teachers in one school recently planned to use one period a week experimentally with the fourteen-year-olds for the study of film-making and the stimulating of an intelligent appreciation of films as part of the English syllabus.

The science master briefed us in basic technical matters. The syllabus drawn up gave as its aim "To discriminate in treatment of theme (by analysing script, camera-work, editing and direction in general) with a view to a general development of awareness and judgment." Sets of relevant books, one for each class, were added to the library, and the British Film Institute Guide was displayed. We knew, of course, that we could count on British Film Institute help, and some of us had attended the Institute's courses in Film Appreciation. Lessons were prepared on the technical processes, on types of film and on film criticism, and then, through the stages of discussing and choosing suitable "treatments," of working out sequences, and then preparing shooting scripts, we arrived at the point at which the course left the classroom and became an out-of-school activity in the hands of the science master.

Each class in the year was given the opportunity to make its own eight-minute film, the measure of its enthusiasm being established by its willingness to raise £5 to buy the stock. (The school possessed a ciné camera.) Of five classes in the year, three proceeded to the actual shooting stage—through an elected film unit. Once this stage was reached, the director and his team had necessarily to be given carte blanche in using the script that had previously been prepared by the class collectively. Shooting, though supervised by the science master in an advisory capacity, was done by the pupils, who showed some enterprise in taking the camera out for shots, in Epping Forest, for instance, and on top of a bus.

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Technical jargon delighted the children, and the low cunning involved in faking one or two shots gave immense satisfaction. Cutting and editing were so much more laborious and tricky than the children had realised that our rhythm of progress slowed up considerably and only the desperate perseverance of one or two boys and girls—more particularly girls, we found—brought two films safely home. The third unit, after starting very well, flagged through difficulties about attendance after school hours. We thought it was probably significant that this form was composed of boys and girls transferred to the Grammar school at thirteen plus. Probably the environmental forces which had prevented their entering at eleven plus were still operating—now in the guise of newspaper rounds, or, with the girls, Saturday jobs "to help with their clothes."

Seen in retrospect, the lesson on processes was worth while if only to tidy up a great deal of vaguely grasped information about "technicians," and that on types of film led to useful discussion of the relation of subject and treatment. The liveliest discussion, however, arose in the matter of film criticism. After considering professional criticism (we ranged from trade "hand-outs" to Lejeune and Whitebait), we had several sessions—and would have welcomed time for more—in criticising current releases. Particular pupils led discussions under the broad headings of theme ("Is this better as a film than as a play or a novel? Why?"), photography ("Which shots would *you* have liked to take?"), acting ("Look out for good small part performances") and editing. Under "editing," rhythm of construction in its broadest manifestation was all that could be expected, of course, but some vivid word pictures emerged, as oral composition, in argument about photography in particular. Before starting on our own films, we had some practice in breaking down quickly dictated sequences into shots, and I believe that this was of very great value in leading the children to look for significant details and to associate them imaginatively. Routine feature films have accustomed children to linking the close-up of the hands of the clock with the slammed door and to gathering, without being told, that someone is in a great hurry. This seemed to us to have a value transferable to literature, as a corresponding process is seen, surely, in metaphor and when images telescope into each other.

We made, of course, some errors. Too much time, perhaps, was given at first to technical processes, and too little to criticism. Much time in good shooting weather was wasted through sheer inexperience. We also found that too much shooting was being done by too few children, so this year we have modified the organisation in two respects. *We* presented the children with a set theme, and worked out with them the sequences that are to be undertaken by each form, each sequence being in the hands of a different group of children in that form. Obviously, we need to see, in the children's company, far more films, so that discussion can follow a shared experience; but frequent and regular showings of films borrowed from the National Film Library are not easy to arrange in the congested weekly time-table of an average Grammar school.

What results do we hope for? First, that our boys and girls will be less easily satisfied by inferior films; secondly, that they will read criticisms and *select* films instead of going automatically to the nearest cinema, and, lastly, that their resistance to the false and the shoddy in general will have been a little strengthened.

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Postman's Park

It is almost the sort of answer an inventive child might coin for the grown-up who asks the significance of the space ruled off with bricks round the building nominated as the Post Office in a cubist town: "It's the Postman's Park." All the more pleasant, therefore, to find that the real Postman's Park almost exactly fits that description. Passing down King Edward Street, alongside the General Post Office, you are invited to enter Postman's Park by a placard, which announces that the park is open, by permission of the Vicar, for public meetings. But if you expect to find it a kind of Victoria Park in uniform, crowded with blue serge and red piping swaying in the breeze of heady agitation, you will be disappointed. It is a serpentine, lonely little place with winding asphalt paths between tiny flower-beds and lawns, hemmed in on two sides by the General Post Office, whose files bulge against the overlooking windows. On the third side is the church of St. Botolph without Aldersgate, and against the walls are stacked the tombstones of parishioners whose bones, perhaps, still lie six feet below the grimy rockeries and sad little fountain; for, like many of London's tiny parks, the space is still officially a churchyard, whence the authority of the Vicar and the little collecting box which invites contributions from postmen and others towards a gardener's wages. In the centre, disproportionately large, towers a brooding Victorian, who proves on closer examination to be neither Rowland Hill nor even Anthony Trollope but Sir Robert Peel. After all, he was head of the Government that introduced the penny post, even though he is still more famous for putting the rival uniform on the streets.

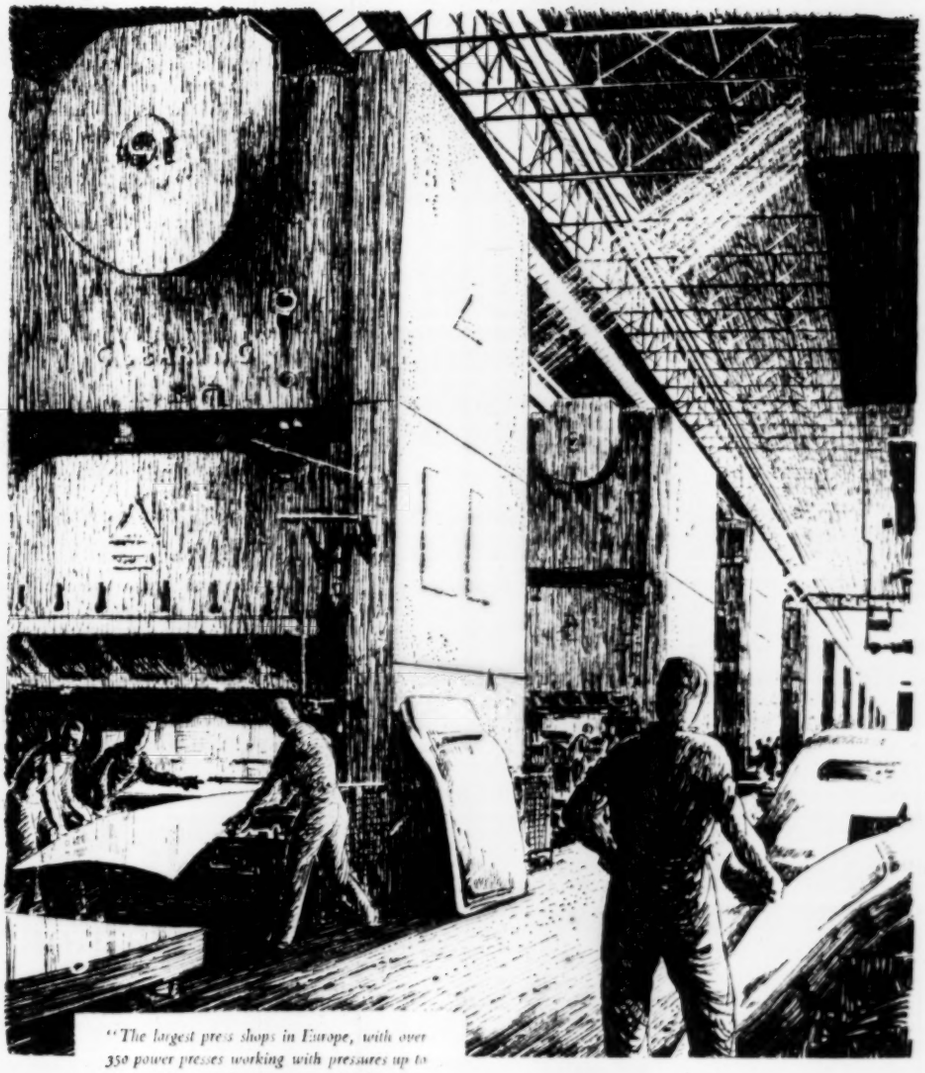
Peel's is not the only monument in Postman's Park, nor the most interesting. Along one wall leans a wooden pavilion on whose benches a few sandwich lunches are eaten even in late autumn. At the back of it, set in the brickwork, are several rows of mural tablets glazed in varying shades of pale green and pale blue to designs in a style that might be called post-Pre-Raphaelite. I suspect that they have been transferred here from some other site, for the events of sixty years which they record appear in no particular time series, as would surely have happened if they had been erected here one by one. Perhaps they were bombed out, and conceivably they will survive London itself, to be excavated long hence. If so, they will deserve it.

There are altogether fifty-six of them, dating from the Eighteen-sixties to the Nineteen-twenties. Each pithily relates a forgotten accident and its hero. On January 24, 1863, the earliest tells, "Sarah Smith, pantomime artist at the Prince's Theatre, died of terrible injuries received when attempting in her inflammable dress to extinguish the flames which had enveloped her companion." From the back-stage of a Mayhew music-hall one emerges at once into the smoky London of gas and greasy pavements, to encounter the whole range of Victorian hazard and devotion: the runaway dray, pounding down Commercial Street, the children struggling in the broken ice of the Welsh Harp, the sinking skiff in the dark off Pimlico Pier, the explosion at the East Ham Sewage Pumping Works. A lady is carried off in Hyde Park, her horses "unmanageable by the breaking of a carriage pole" and is saved at the cost of his life by William Drake, a labourer. Railwaymen employed by the London and South Western Railway hurl one another from the path of the oncoming "Windsor Express."

It is not that there are no longer accidents and heroes, but somehow the simple, terse language of the tablets discovers, more plainly than most descriptive writing, that other, harsher, London of steam and slums, unglossed and unpadded by plastic, chromium, rubber or electricity. Most of these accidents were in slums: Stoke Newington, where Amelia Kennedy perished trying to save her sister from a fire; Kilburn, where little Harry Sisley was drowned trying to rescue his brother from the canal; Bermondsey, where Mrs. Yarman climbed a staircase to rescue her aged mother; Bethnal Green, where Arthur Regelous, a carman known as "Little Peter" (surely a character from *Hard Times*) died in the same way trying to save Maud Denman's children.

They are an excellent random sample of heroes. Not unexpectedly, seven are policemen, but only one is a fireman. Seven are women, including the stewardess of the *Stella*. Eight are children, of whom certainly the most pathetic is Solomon Galaman, who was killed on Sept. 6, 1901, in saving his still smaller brother from being run over in Whitechapel. He is the only one whose last words are recorded. Only three are professional men—two doctors and a clergyman. The rest, almost to a man, are of the working class.

When it comes to victims, the memorialist is inclined to be severe, and clearly thinks that, the less worthy the rescued, the more glorious the rescuer. Special mention is made of the fact that the man "G. Garnish, a young clergyman" tried to save at Putney was *a stranger*, and the curate's merit is exceeded only, perhaps, by John Cranmer Cambridge, a clerk in the L.C.C. "who was drowned near Ostend whilst saving the life of a stranger and a foreigner." Sometimes a casual tear is dropped for a victim like the "poor girl who had thrown herself into the canal



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at Globe Bridge, Peckham"; but surely there is an implicit judgment in the inscription commemorating P.C. Unell (the only hero to survive) who, having saved two people from the burning Elephant and Castle public-house in Hackney Wick Road, risked his life yet a third time to rescue a *barmaid*. Only a jovial hero would do that. One suspects, too, that the epigrapher did not wholly approve of the situation in which "Ernest Benning, compositor, aged 22, upset from a boat on a dark night off Pimlico Pier grasped an oar with one hand supporting a woman with the other, but sank as she was saved."

But on the whole it is difficult to quarrel with the phrasing of these tablets. A man is not on oath, Dr. Johnson said, when he composes an epitaph, but undoubtedly there is a gain in pathos when praise is subtracted as well as blame. Even the simple directness of the statement that on September 24, 1878, "James Hewers was killed by a train at Richmond in the endeavour to save another man" has something that grander inscriptions lack. So at any rate I felt, having come from a stroll in St. Pauls, where the sub-Canovan monuments of generals and admirals crowd the side-chapels.

BERIN HILL

Old Whiskers

THE first morning, at a quarter to nine, Spencer was in the little dressing cubicle behind the flatboards. There was a smell of fresh paint, and he could hear the men from the store's maintenance staff putting the last touches to his Space Ship. For eight hours every day until Christmas, he would be taking parties of children off on their ninety-second "rocket" flights. It was the first time he had worked in a toy fair; as he took off his street clothes, he thought of something that had vaguely bothered him. *Do they really accept the illusion? Do they feel tricked when there is no return flight?* He could still recall the childhood shock when he shook hands with Father Christmas and walked out of the exit into the noisy glitter of the bazaar.

Spencer pushed the idea out of his mind; it didn't matter. He climbed into his glistening blue overalls, and picked up his white and silver crash helmet. He began to run over in his mind the technical patter that he had picked up from the pulp magazines the manager had given him when he had been hired. *Reaching escape velocity. Adjust orbital stabilisers. Connect gyro transitors.* It was all gibberish. Only he had to say something when he stood at the controls with all the kids watching him.

He was just about to duck out through the curtained hole, which concealed the entrance to the dressing cubicle, when a head came through. It was a noble head, in which the eyes twinkled, and it was decorated by a fine full set of white whiskers.

"Pardon me," said the head. "Are you my mate?" Spencer said he supposed he was.

"Jackson's the name," the head said, coming up and pulling behind it a portly figure dressed in a neat serge suit. "Everyone calls me Old Whiskers." Spencer said he supposed they did.

Old Whiskers reached down and dragged a suitcase through the curtain. "That's my outfit," he said proudly. He looked at Spencer's streamlined costume with scorn. "What'll they think of next?" he asked. "Last year it was cowboys. The year before it was submarines. Knights in armour the year before that." He began to take off his suit. "I'm sorry for you chaps. You can't take any pride in the job if you're chopping and changing all the time. Now with me it's different. Eighteen years I've been coming here. For fifteen I've had m' own whiskers. That's how I got m' name, see? Only genuine set in town." He ran his hand under his beard like a shop assistant displaying a bolt of cloth. He stood in the small cubicle like a rock in a sea of change.

"Second Tuesday in November," said Old Whiskers. "They knew I'll turn up. I've never missed."

Spencer didn't really care. Then the old man snapped open his suitcase, and Spencer saw from the red cloth and white fur that he didn't know. He hadn't seen the leather jackboots, dark blue tights and gold star-spangled jacket. He hadn't seen the throne that looked like an electric chair covered in silver paper. Perhaps he hadn't even read the caption over the pay-desk: *Rocket Trip To The Space King's Palace.* Old Whiskers had been translated, and no one had bothered to tell him. No one had thought that it mattered. What was it that Mr. Williams, the manager, had said? *You've got to have a new gimmick every year. Tie it in to the latest craze. That's the only way to move the stock.* Spencer didn't mind. It was a job. But let Mr. Williams do *his* job. Spencer wasn't going to tell Old Whiskers about that Space-suit.

He went into his Space Ship and tested his controls. *Siren On. Siren Off. Rollers On—Off. Rocker On—Off.* Over the mechanical noises he could hear snatches of words. The manager was now explaining things to Old Whiskers. "Move with the times . . . Kids'll love it. . . . Same act, new outfit . . . Eighteen years. . . . Can't let us down. . . . Give it a trial." Spencer couldn't hear what the old man said. He seemed to be mumbling.

The opening bell rang through the store. Spencer put on his crash helmet, stepped out of his Space Ship, and went to stand by the pay-desk. He caught a glimpse of the manager hustling Old Whiskers, now dressed in his Space-suit, down the passage to his throne.

Mr. Williams came out. He was breathing fast, and he gave Spencer a hard smile. "Can't understand it," he said. "Fancy Old Whiskers turning Bolshy after all these years. What's the difference? Father Christmas, Space King. It's all the same racket. It's a job, isn't it?" Spencer said he supposed so.

"The trouble with Old Whiskers," said the manager, "is that he's been in the game so long he bloody well thinks he *is* Father Christmas. Mind you, I'm not saying he isn't good. He's a pro. Works the whole shift without a break. He's been here so long that he's got a proper family connection. Stays off the bottle too. That's more than you can say for most." The manager looked at his watch and scuttled off like the White Rabbit.

At first, things were slow. Sometimes Spencer had to wait five minutes for a reasonable complement. If he waited too long before he took off, the younger kids became restive and wanted to pull all the knobs. The older ones bombarded him with technical questions. Once or twice he saw he had made a howler. The boys didn't say anything. They just looked at him suspiciously. *They can't believe in it*, Spencer told himself. *It must be half-term; there's so many of them.* The see-saw motion made two children sick.

He was relieved at eleven by the man who sold boomerangs. Spencer's Space-suit fitted him, and he read science fiction. Spencer went to get his lunch. The afternoon was busier. At ten to six, Spencer made his last trip, turned off the lights in the cabin and went to change. He was dressed by the time Old Whiskers ducked through the entrance.

"It ain't fair on the kiddies," he said. "Nine of 'em cried when they see me. *Nine.* I never had no more than five cry before in a whole season. What d'you think that stuffed dummy told me when I complained? He laughed, and he told me I hadn't no cosmic sense. Who wants cosmic sense? They wants Father Christmas."

Spencer said he supposed it might be good business.

"Good business? I ain't here for business. I like to give the kiddies a treat. Did I ever frighten 'em? Did I ever lose me temper? Did I ever keep a bottle under me robe and breathe it at 'em when you give 'em a cuddle?" Spencer said he supposed not.

"I'm finished, boy. I've turned it in. It's no good arguing. I knew it the minute one of the kiddies asked me for an atomic disintegrator. That ain't Christmas. Toy soldiers, airguns—all right. But atoms? Cosmics? You can have 'em. Christmas used to be something respectful, honest-to-goodness. Now it's a ruddy racket." Old Whiskers stumped off.

Two nights later, as Spencer waited for his bus, it started to pour, and he took shelter in a brightly-lit doorway. His eye was caught by a flash of red at the far end of the shop. He looked again. Standing by a counter of gilt vases, plated clocks and china ornaments, was Old Whiskers in his fur-trimmed robe. Spencer heard the nasal amplified voice of the mock-auction barker. "Walk in and bid, folks. It's an honest-to-goodness Old Time Xmas Sale."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO PIANISTS

D. E. INGHELBRECHT, in his interesting book *A Conductor's World* (which has just appeared in English translation from Peter Nevill, 16s.), refers to a common error in the treatment of passages which Beethoven has marked *pianissimo . . . crescendo . . . piano.* Too often, he says, we hear a *crescendo* which reaches *mezzo-piano* or even *mezzo-forte*, and then a *subito piano*," interrupting the line of expression by a brusque regression—and this, although the *piano* marked in the score was meant purely and simply as the result, ending-point and issue of the *crescendo* preceding it." His illustration is bars 237–42 at the end of the Pastoral Symphony. A parallel in the piano music is the passage bars 46–9 in the "Moonlight." Gieseking in his recent record of this Sonata makes a *subito piano* on the D sharp marked *piano*—indeed it is customary to do so. Julius Katchen, playing the Sonata to the Wimbledon Music Club on December 7, treated the note—and rightly I think—as the culmination of the *crescendo.*

It was an interesting recital, and confirmed an impression that Katchen is one of the pianists most worth hearing. As a whole the "Moonlight" was not successful. Unevenness in the melodic line was probably due to unevenness in a strange piano. Then he gave a remarkably fine reading of Beethoven's last sonata, Opus 111, playing the Arietta, that dissolution of mortal things into ecstasy and bliss, with sublimity. Then came Brahms, Brahms playing as good as I can hope ever to hear. He chose, not a complete opus number, but six of the best-known pieces, a not altogether satisfactory procedure. On a superficial level one missed in his readings, as one had missed in his account of the B flat Concerto

Silent Witnesses

IN DAYS GONE BY, the manufacture of nitro-glycerine was controlled by men seated on one-legged stools. It was reckoned that, if the strain of unbroken concentration made them sleepy, they would fall over and wake up. Modern control methods in chemical works present a different picture. The acetone plant at I.C.I.'s Billingham works, for example, contains nearly a hundred controls, yet it is looked after by only two men — constantly on the watch to ensure that everything is working smoothly. The main factor in bringing about this great change is Instrumentation. Close inspection of the acetone plant — typical of I.C.I.'s latest practice — reveals packed rows of fine copper pipes — the " nerves " of the control system — bending in and out of the strange silver shapes of the plant itself, and converging on a control room.

Here, in the " brain " of the plant, details of levels, flows, temperatures and pressures are received by the dials and controllers that line the walls from floor to ceiling. In the centre are two great desks, and here sit the operators, who from time to time press switches and enter readings in a book. It is a far cry from the men on the one-legged stools to these gleaming panels of silent witnesses. The instrument experts who are keeping I.C.I. in the forefront of automatic control in chemical plant have their eyes on the future. Already they have ushered in the change from recording to controlling instruments. But these controllers merely hold the process conditions to levels predetermined by the operator. The next step is to provide a master control which will itself determine how the equipment should operate to give maximum output of a product of the desired quality. It is this type of control that I.C.I. chemists and instrument experts are now developing, with the full resources of a great company behind them.

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a few days earlier, the spangles and glitter which the works often have. But many pianists can provide this sort of pleasure, and probably in Brahms it is a meretricious one.

Take the B flat minor Intermezzo, Opus 117 No. 2, which is nearly always played too fast, with a feathery touch and dainty prettiness. Grete Scherzer has recently recorded such a butterfly performance. Katchen chose a slower tempo: the music moved from a decorative to a profound level. He unites a supreme pianistic sense with powerful music intelligence. He can be elegant (in Mendelssohn's *Rondo capriccioso*, or the first movement of Mozart's C major Sonata, two encores), but glamour or allure are not the first things one notices, though they are there. It is essentially deep, serious thinking, flawlessly realised, in keyboard terms, which makes his playing great.

Another great pianist, Wilhelm Kempff, played Brahms's Opus 119 in the Wigmore Hall last Sunday—too coyly, too daintily, as if it were by Schumann. Kempff is at his best in Bach, where he thinks along the contrapuntal strands and takes his listeners with him—much as Casals does in the cello suites; in Beethoven; and in Schubert, the gravity of whose melodies he realises so well. No one would seek to deny his faults. In Beethoven's B flat major Sonata, Opus 22, his thought sometimes seemed to outrace his fingers; they were left to finish off phrases while his mind was already on the next paragraph. He can summon an orchestral range of tone-colour which ravishes the ear, from an eggshell refinement to sonorous thunder (in the Opus 119 Rhapsody the thunder got out of control, wrong notes crashed and rolled). Five *Italienische Stücke* of his own composition suggested both in their titles ("The Flute of Pan before the Church door") and their style something midway between the *Années de Pèlerinage* and Debussy's Preludes; he made them sound very seductive.

I know that I am in a minority among my colleagues in ranking these two pianists so very high. I beg readers to check the claim against gramophone recordings: in particular Katchen's account of the Diabelli Variations, and Kempff's of the Schubert A minor Sonata, Opus 42. The Decca company have recorded both pianists, very faithfully, across a wide repertory.

ANDREW PORTER

PSYCHOLOGICAL PLAYS

BEFORE saying anything about the new play at the Piccadilly Theatre, let me protest in the strongest possible terms at the management having the nerve to double the price of the programmes sold in the theatre, raising it from the now customary sixpence—itself high enough—to a shilling. For this they throw in a few extra pages of advertisement and familiar photographs of the three leading players. Tennent Productions Ltd. are the non-profit-making branch of H. M. Tennent Ltd. It is doubtful whether the play at the Piccadilly is any more suitable for presentation under the non-profit-making scheme than their other current production, *A Day by the Sea*, or their forthcoming presentation, a revue with Hermione Baddeley at the Lyric, Hammersmith. I have before now defended in these columns the non-profit-making branches of commercial companies, even when I have thought their choice of a particular play unwise; for they should be judged not by particular choices, but by their whole list. But these three in a row raise grave doubts. I should be interested to know how the company justify them as deserving exemption from income-tax. There is nothing experimental or uncommercial about any of them. They are all three successors to commercially successful predecessors. But in any case if the management is not paying entertainment tax that is one reason the less for stinging the public a bob for informative programmes to the understanding of the play, a list of nine names and the location of the acts and scenes. This I consider a gross imposition. Let me add that the management provide me with a programme free. My protest is on behalf of the theatre-going public.

A Question of Fact by Wynyard Browne, who wrote the successful *The Holly and the Ivy*, is an entertaining play, which deserves its success. It explores an interesting subject adroitly, and though it fails in my view to treat it quite so interestingly as it might have done, it doesn't shirk the issue in the mere interest of entertainment. The subject at the heart of the play is the attempt of a young man to rid himself of the ghosts of the past and to discover and assert his real self in the face of these ghosts. Paul Gardiner is a young public schoolmaster, an intelligent and imaginative man who is plainly a civilising influence at the school. As a child he had been adopted by a rich woman, and his marriage just before the play opens has opened up the discovery that his real parentage was extremely sordid; he becomes so obsessed by the fear of taking after his father that both his marriage and his career are threatened. In defining this sordid background Mr Wynyard Browne has, I suggest, made an initial error in relation to the real truth behind his play—a truth which the whole tone of the play invites us to take seriously. Giving his hero a murderer for a father is certainly a melodramatic card to play. But murder is too special a case if we are to take it quite seriously. Had his father been something less extreme, a charming rogue who continually landed himself in prison, for instance, then the crisis in the son's psyche might have been more compelling rather than less. It is true that as the story evolves that is what we learn to be the truth. The murder was not that of a maniac or a psychopath but just the act of a charming rogue who felt cornered. So, at least, we are told. But at that very point disbelief creeps in. Charming confidence tricksters aren't as a rule murderers, though the converse is sometimes true. Murderers are special cases. By making the hero's father so special a case, Mr. Browne loses more than he gains. He gains an element of suspense before the young man has discovered what kind of murderer his father was; but the arguments which dispel the ghosts are a good deal more convincing in the matter of confidence trickery and petty thieving; they leave the murder really undealt with, a fact which so particularly perceptive and obsessed a young man would instantly have recognised.

These arguments are persuasively put by the young man's mother whom he has succeeded in tracing, and who turns out to be rather different from anything he had expected. Miss Gladys Cooper is the ideal choice for this surprise. Her cool assurance and complete command immediately compel belief. The young schoolmaster is taken by Mr. Paul Scofield who is excellent at catching the seriousness and obsession of his character; but I felt he lacked just that kind of easy and deceiving charm which his mother finds he shares with his father. Perhaps it is not there enough in the writing; in that case it needs all the more emphasis in the acting. Miss Pamela Brown is the wife doing her damnedest to fill in the vacuum of his self-distrust with her own belief in him; not ideal casting, but a highly intelligent performance. Mr Harold Scott makes an amusing contribution as an elderly schoolmaster, and Miss Mary Hinton and Mr. Henry Hewitt do what they can for parts which might have been worth extending. Mr. Frith Banbury has developed into the most sure and tactful of producers. His touch here is admirably certain.

At the Criterion on Sunday the "Under Thirty Theatre Group" gave an excellent performance of a new play, *Facts of the Heart*, by Mr. Owen Holder. With this play Mr Holder establishes himself as one of the most interesting of the younger playwrights. He writes on complicated themes with an extraordinary assurance and dramatic effect. His dialogue has that extra dimension which succeeds in implying very much more than it says, just as his characters have an air of standing for very much more than they are. There is an obvious danger here that they may before the end disappoint us; and that is not entirely avoided in this play where there is an added difficulty. *Facts of the Heart* is a psychological study of a modern marriage and its complicated affiliations; it is not easy to create a tangle which is convincing on something deeper

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than the conventional level; Mr. Holder does that. But it is even more difficult to disentangle the threads without producing an over-simplified solution. Mr. Holder's end strikes me as only theatrically effective, and even then it is in sight too long before it arrives. But these are flaws which are correctible, and they are minor compared with the achievement. Serious, witty and interesting, Mr. Holder's play will surely be seen again and in public, though it could hardly hope for a better cast than this Sunday night one. Miss Valerie Taylor is a most haunting actress, and her study of a wounded wife was most true and poignant. Mr. Clement McCallin was the husband with a twist for teenagers, Miss Marjorie Stewart a relic of the Twenties with a moving moment admirably done, Mr. Alexander Guage splendid as the fleshy enemy-friend of the family —a sort of *raisonneur* in reverse, Mr. Peter Barkworth and Miss Pat Sandys good as two awful youngsters. Mr. Warren Jenkins gave a most professional finish to a production which reached a very high standard for a single performance.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE week's event in the Third was surely the production of Claudel's *The Hostage* in Mr. Sackville West's version. It was impossible to listen to it without recalling Auden's lines from his poem *In Memory of W. B. Yeats*:

> Time that is intolerant
> Of the brave and innocent,
> And indifferent in a week
> To a beautiful physique,
>
> Worships language and forgives
> Everyone by whom it lives . . .

Claudel in the poem, along with Kipling and Yeats, time will pardon "for writing well." But "writing well" is understatement: *The Hostage* is magnificent, in conception and in language. Here is a work on the grand scale, and to listen to it was a complex experience. At times, as the great passions and the great images unfolded and expanded, one had the sense of listening to the arias of opera rather than to what is ordinarily called dialogue. And this sense was reinforced by the extraordinarily skilful use of Mr. Hotchkis's music behind the speakers' words. This was not mere "background music"; it became the auditory equivalent of the whole impact we receive in the theatre from stage-design, costume and lighting, everything indeed that is not human action and speech. Plainly, a radio production of *The Hostage* had to have something like this. It was brilliantly successful. Here I imagine Mr. Sackville West was developing the marriage of speech and music that he used in his own radio-play *The Rescue*; as in that work, the music had been composed as an integral part of the drama; it was not just incidental or vaguely atmospheric but was there to contribute to a planned total effect. Wonderfully well produced by Mr. Raymond Raikes and excellently played—one would especially pick out the Sygne de Coûfontaine of Miss Diana Maddox, deputising for Miss Hermione Hannen.—*The Hostage* was, as radio, the most impressive thing heard for a very long time.

I switched on to *It's In Your Hands, A Report to the People on Dirty Food*, expecting a lively piece of radio journalism. I got something very different, and not indeed *It's In Your Hands* at all, which had had to be postponed because the subject was being discussed in Another Place. Instead, we had a feature from Midland, *William Siemens and "The Good Town of Birmingham."* This was memorable as the corniest piece of writing for radio I have heard for years. There they were, the smooth narrator almost selling his subject in his enthusiasm, and the circle of inquiring citizens asking, enviously, such questions as "How much did he make out of that?" or aggrievedly, "Yes, but what sort of man *was* he?" And there was Siemens himself, pacing, you guessed, his laboratory floor in the small hours or clutching his brow like Rodin's *Le Penseur*, and saying urgently to himself in his German-

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English accent something like (but not quite), "If only I could invent the Coventry Climax Fork-lift Truck! There *must* be some way . . ." It was a delightful programme, full of its own period charm, like a not-very-good twenty-year-old film suddenly seen again today in the Sunday programme of a very-small-town cinema.

It is obvious now that what quiz programmes are to the Light philosophical discussions are to be to the Third. I suspect that so far as ordinary listeners are concerned, ordinary Light listeners and ordinary Third listeners, they have a good deal in common. I prefer the philosophical discussions, though I wouldn't like to sit for an examination afterwards on what has been said. But one does rather get the impression that all the professional philosophers of England are at this moment madly engaged in recording discussions for the Third. A few weeks ago we had three Dominicans conducting a medieval disputation on the thesis *Is Capital Punishment Morally Justifiable?*, a programme marked by a curious æsthetic elegance. Last week a group of eight Oxford philosophers discussed *Explanation of Human Behaviour* and four of them later began the first part of a discussion on the nature of perception, *What Do You See?* The latter seemed to me particularly good.

I have to apologise for a wrong attribution. The other week I described Mr. Richard Irving Best as the Quaker librarian in *Ulysses*. As Mr. Best points out, the Quaker Librarian was Lyster; Mr. Best was his assistant. Nor, for that matter, says Mr. Best, was Lyster a Quaker. But that was Joyce's error.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Golden Coach," at the Cameo-Poly

My desert-island film, for Christmas, is Jean Renoir's *The Golden Coach*. Having been washed up in traditional manner with reels, projector, screen, etc., and a few choice companions, I stage nightly performances in such night as is vouchsafed us. The light flickers, the stars are put out, the show begins. We are seeing it for perhaps the seventy-sixth time, but the spell works, and there's detail to absorb. "I still like best," remarks one, "the transformation of farmyard into theatre." "What about the council meeting?" asks another. Others exclaim, "What about Magnani?" "What about Vivaldi?" and I have to put them all off with, "Till to-morrow night."

The riches of this film do seem to me after two visits almost inexhaustible. We have grown used to expecting from Renoir, not only a new film, but a new world, a new fascination. Last time it was India, the river of temples and steps and unknown lives behind garden walls; once before it had been Sunday up the Seine, summer flirtations, love and rain; before that again war prisoners and theatricals in a castle, murder over the sidings. Now the curtain rises on a small stage, and it's the Commedia dell' Arte giving in Spanish South America a performance which grows into the film itself.

Other French directors have amused us with the idea of tracking up to a stage and finding rooms and dramas beyond; Renoir seriously explores. The small stage scene will open out into such territory of space and time as a film demands, but the theme, the story, and some of the gestures will remain theatrical. Thus child harlequins, tumblers, red noses, and Pagliaccis add an animation as though prints of the Commedia dell' Arte had flashed to life. There is some play with off and on stage, drama and life, revolving in the end almost Pirandellian questions. The action, which I shan't attempt to detail, has all the wit and charm of Da Ponte's librettos for Mozart.

The sort of pleasure one may expect to derive from *The Golden Coach* seems to me, on reflection, to suggest *Così Fan Tutte* more than anything. It is light and serious, cynical, heart-felt, continually piercing through artificiality to unpredictable beauties. The music is Vivaldi's, doubly delightful in itself and in the uses it is here put to. One can't imagine the play without it, or the settings and costumes not in Technicolor (no more beautiful employment of colour has been seen in any film), or the characters and their behaviour without either: the whole, in fact, is a vividly conceived pattern of movement, sound, and colour, which—with its closely knit plot and dialogue—may best be described as music-drama. There is no singing, I should point out, except for some snatches of stage vocalism and a serenade—taken, by the way, from *The Beggar's Opera*. To gauge Renoir's mastery one need only cast back to that unfortunate filming of Gay's opera: the distinction between art and the lack of it in screen music-drama could not be more vividly demonstrated. Renoir, in fact, has accomplished a new thing on the screen; and if not his best film, *The Golden Coach* broadens his talent remarkably.

Magnani plays the chief part of a Columbine who is loved by a Spanish Viceroy, a bullfighter, and Harlequin turned soldier, and finally turns her back on all of them. The situation produces high comedy. Her performance is endlessly fascinating, despite the fact that she speaks most of the time in Italian English. The film has been made all in English and near-English, and this seems to me the only point at which it can be seriously objected to. The accents didn't, I may say, trouble me, and I think most filmgoers would prefer the method adopted to sub-titles which would have quite ruined the splendid visualisation of Renoir's scenes.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"La Belle au Bois Dormant," at the Stoll

The *belle* of this ballet is a little princess of the fairground, her *bois dormant* is a little netting that protects her from the balls hurled at a target which, when hit, tips up the bed and throws the princess out. The prince is a circus attendant. But despite this neat recasting, the ballet is one of Roland Petit's works that has got into a muddle: side issues keep interposing and the main theme never seems to add up to any point. The props are yet another exasperating hinderance; on one side of the stage there is a tight-rope upon which the girl must totter back and forth, on the other side there is the bed which tips up, the target and the wooden balls that are hurled with feckless unreason. The ballet as a whole being unremarkable, the chief interest lies in Leslie Caron's performance as the girl, and this is exceedingly good. She has the vivacity and charm of a young cub at play—a young animal with short soft fur and perfectly balanced movements that are full and glowing. But while Miss Caron's personality is enchanting, it is on too small a scale to have anything more than an ephemeral effect. It was rather trying to be faced with yet another performance of *Deuil en 24 Heures* and *Le Loup*, even though both ballets were much better danced than on the first night. Surely M. Petit would be wise to revert to some of his earlier successes to give variety to the repertoire; those ballets in which he was not struggling so desperately with complicated allegories.

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Correspondence

HOMES FOR TWO NATIONS

SIR,—Norman MacKenzie, in his article "Homes for the Two Nations," does well to expose the humbug behind the Government's White Paper on rents and its summary, "Operation Rescue"—the latter an apt title if one adds the words, "for some Landlords," on to it! As a member of a Housing Authority, I can corroborate that local authority housing programmes are being cut back to allow private building interests to undertake an increasingly larger proportion of the profitable part of house building.

In a rapidly expanding district near Watford, where our population has risen from approximately 20,000 souls in 1939, to 43,000 at the last census—a district that includes two large L.C.C. estates, part of Hemel Hempstead New Town, and considerable local authority housing by Watford Borough Council—we have had just this experience in the last few months. Our own housing waiting lists stands at almost 1,000 and the Labour group, non-existent until the last local elections, has pressed successfully for a vigorous building programme. Our immediate programme includes 300 houses and flats on two sites, with two additional sites totalling another 56 acres, to be developed. This authority has now been told by the Minister of Housing and Local Government that it should start only 60 dwellings in 1954. The plans already drawn up are presumably to be put in cold storage for an indefinite period; the land presumably will have to be developed "in penny numbers," thereby increasing building costs and making for even higher rents. So the muddle and frustration goes on.

The population of our district is estimated to reach 54,000 in 1971, an increase of approximately 10,000 over the 1952 figure, or approximately 2,500 additional families. How shall we build homes for

these people? Meanwhile other vitally essential building has either come to a full stop altogether or else is the cause of unending wrangles with various government departments. As a member of the Education Authority, I am aware that the Minister of Education has to be fought every time the school building programme is drawn up and as a member of the local Hospital Management Committee, I am aware that the hospital services in the area are hopelessly inadequate for the increasing population, that we need a new Maternity hospital and that we should be fighting the Minister of Health for these desperately needed improvements. Yet we see that private building can now go on, apparently without limit and that anyone who can afford it can build a bigger and better house—up to 2,500 super feet!

The only solution to this problem must lie in the social ownership of all rented property and land and a strictly controlled building programme, so that the needs of the community, whether for houses, schools, hospitals or for the expansion of essential industry, shall be satisfied first. RENÉE SHORT

Abbots Langley, Watford.

FIRST-CLASS HONOURS

SIR,—Mrs. Penelope Balogh asserts that a first-class University honours degree "is still the Open Sesame to academic and senior Civil Service posts." So far as it applies to academic appointments, this statement is not open to dispute. It does not, however, accord with the facts of recruitment to the Civil Service (Administrative Grade) or the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service.

In the decade 1930 to 1939, 74 candidates were certified for appointment to the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. All but four were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge. 27 had graduated with first-, 38 with second- and 6 with third-class honours. Two had had no University training at all. In the quinquennium 1930 to 1935, the unsuccessful competitors in the Foreign Service examinations included 15 candidates who had been Foundation Scholars and 3 who had been Exhibitioners at Oxford or Cambridge and 7 who had graduated with first-class honours. In 1935, second place in the list of successful candidates was taken by a Cambridge graduate who had attained only a "Third" in Part II of his Tripos and who had failed in the Foreign Service examination the year before.

Very considerable changes have been made in the examinations for appointment to the Administrative Grade of the Home Civil Service since the war, while a completely new system of recruitment has been instituted for the Foreign Service.

Candidates for the Civil Service (Administrative Grade) can now compete for appointment by either or both of two methods. Method I is much like the pre-war examination and consists of a number of written tests in University honours degree subjects, preceded and followed by an interview before a Selection Board. Method II consists of a qualifying examination in English and general knowledge, followed, for candidates who reach the qualifying mark, by a series of practical, psychological and intelligence tests. Recruitment to the Foreign Service is now exclusively by Method II. The regulations now require that candidates for the Administrative Grade of the Civil Service, by whichever method they opt to compete, and candidates for the Foreign Service, shall have "at least a second-class honours degree" of a British University.

The eighty-fifth Report of the Civil Service Commissioners, covering the years 1949 to 1952, shows that in 1949, 1950 and 1951 altogether 118 candidates were recruited to the Civil Service (Administrative Grade) by Method I and 51 by Method II. Of those successful by Method I only 33, and of those selected by Method II, only 18 had obtained a "First" in their University final examination. Of the candidates successful by Method I, 49 graduated at Oxford and 34 at Cambridge; 8 of the former and 11 of the latter had first-class honours degrees. Of the 51 who were recruited by Method II, 23 were graduates of Oxford and 12 of Cambridge; 7 of the former and 5 of the latter held a first-class honours degree.

Over the same period, 51 candidates were certified for appointment to the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. All but five were Oxford or Cambridge graduates. Only 15, however, had secured a "First" in their University final examination.

Academic brilliance, then, while it indisputably constitutes strong presumptive evidence of suitability for a career in one of the senior branches of the State Service is not now, nor was it before the war, "the Open Sesame to Senior Civil Service posts."

Ipswich, Suffolk. RICHARD CRANFORD

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS

SIR,—I am grateful to Lady Simon for "debunking" the idea that a useful purpose would be served if L.E.A.s sent more Primary school pupils to the "Public" schools. The inevitable result would be to intensify the competitive struggle of the "free place" examination and so further distract the Primary schools from their real function, viz., to lay the foundations for all the children in their care on which a really sound secondary education can be built. The "selective" Grammar school could be defended, so long as the main purpose of our educational system was the training of an "élite." The idea behind it was to provide an instrument through which all children with the necessary intellectual qualifications might have equality of opportunity for getting on in the world. The experience of the last 50 years has shown the futility of trying to provide equality of opportunity through segregation at 11, but it may have been hard for the framers of the 1902 Act to foresee this.

But, in a democratic society, the purpose of the educational system is not to train an "élite", but to develop to the full the capacities of the ordinary citizen and inspire him, or her, with a feeling of loyalty to the community and a sense of personal responsibility for making an effective contribution to its welfare. It is becoming increasingly clear that this education of the whole nation in the ideals of united co-operation and individual responsibility can best be achieved through the medium of a common Secondary school. It is equally clear that the only existing organisations capable of carrying through this educational revolution are the L.E.A.s, which

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for a period of at least 10 years have daily contact during term time with the vast majority of the nation's children.

In a democratic society "equality of opportunity" is not enough. The purpose of the community in paying for higher education for its abler members is not just to enable them to get on in the world, but rather to enable them to serve their fellow citizens more effectively. Without this sense of mutual obligation it is hard to see how any real democracy could survive. The main objection to the continued existence of a large number of independent schools is the danger that those who have paid for their own education might feel entitled to contract out of this sense of obligation to the community as a whole.

R. St. John Reade

3 Oakland Road,
Bristol 6.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S GYNAEOLATRY

Sir,—The greater part of Mr. Priestley's article ("They Come From Inner Space") in your issue of December 5 was so very good, that it was disappointing to find him, at the finish, apparently embracing that strange gynaeolatry which may well prove to be the last and fatal heresy of our civilisation.

Mr. Priestley seems to overlook the fact that the community in which mass psychosis is principally inducing belief in the "flying saucer" phantasy is, by every evidence, the nearest approach to a matriarchy the world has ever seen. The general prevalence of the uncritical approach to such phantasies, moreover, is undeniably due to the influence of that section of the Press which boasts of its wide appeal to the female sex.

To suggest that the average female intelligence, with its intense family instinct and its necessarily narrow ambit, is in any way capable of resolving our problems is, in effect, a betrayal of Mr. Priestley's own masculine intelligence, and his own shrewd understanding of the human race.

R. J. Tomlin

THE BOY FROM GREECE

Sir,—No one disputes a critic's right to express his opinions about the book he reviews. But your unsigned notice of November 21 goes beyond opinion when it accuses me of inventing all the "thoughts, feelings and conversation" in my book *The Boy from Greece*.

May I point out how seriously your reviewer is mistaken? Naturally, this book could never have been written without imagination. But all these "thoughts and feelings", which I am accused of fabricating, were built up from meticulous notes written down just as Vassili himself explained them to me. In the same way—the "conversation" faithfully represents what I myself carefully recorded amidst the family at Barry. Even down to those familiar tricks of speech which your reviewer dismisses as "lapses in grammar."

James Kinross

13, Sydney Street, S.W.3.

GOSPEL TRUTH

Sir,—It is no pleasure to me to differ from Mr. Graves, whose novels I have greatly enjoyed as the work of a powerful and poetic imagination. I will confine myself to one point. It seems to me decisive, for it turns on the nature of historical evidence.

In a typical passage in their book Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro assert that Jesus was persuaded by John the Baptist, much against his will, to marry Mary of Bethany, but there was no sexual intercourse; however, to satisfy the disciples and the wedding guests he spent some time alone with her in the bridal chamber. What evidence is there for this? Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro give very little. But they set out a document (part of their alleged Aramaic gospel), all in King James English, in which the speeches and other details are given in full. A writer of fiction will legitimately let his imagination be fired by hints from his reading; a historian can only work from documentary evidence, and he would consider it a peculiarly unethical thing to invent a document. Even if he thinks that a document must have existed, he would state his belief as a conjecture, and he would set out the textual evidence. The Aramaic gospel which Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro claim to have "restored" (the word has normally a different meaning from the one they use) seems to me a work of imaginative fiction, and I would be willing to discuss it as such, and even admire its ingenuity, if they had not claimed that it was a work of critical history.

I have, I hope, clarified my critical position, as Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro request; I will excuse myself from the rest of their homework, for no amount of learning on their part can make forgivable so elementary a lapse of fundamental scholarship. Perhaps Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro would care to give the detailed evidence they have for the incident in question, and the justification for their practice, otherwise unknown among historians, of giving the full text in antique English of a document which exists in conjecture only.

H. L. Short

NO ANARCHIST

Sir,—I don't know if your correspondent Tony Gibson is relying on his own memory or that of some other. Whichever it is, it is defective. In 1912 I didn't participate in an Anarchist conference, but I did take the chair at a public meeting with a couple of Anarchists as speakers. The present Lord Provost of Glasgow was on the platform with his Socialist Choir. It was a Clarion Scouts meeting. Gustave Hervé had been booked for a great anti-militarist demonstration. I was invited and agreed to take the chair. Then it was learned that Hervé had gone back on his anti-militarism, and his engagement was cancelled. At the last moment two Anarchists were substituted, and I had one tough job keeping them from getting at one another's throats.

As for the Barrett incident, I was an active, very active, member of the B.S.P. and, as such, a member of the May Day Committee. I spoke, as always, on the International platform at Glasgow Green. Each of the parties represented on the Committee had its own platform. On this occasion there was a "gate-crasher"—Barrett. Like the others, he had hired a lorry and from it proposed to hold forth. The Secretary of the May Day Committee ordered him off the Green. He refused to go. The Secretary called in the aid of the police. This news was brought to me and I immediately left my own platform and hurried over to Barrett's, where, as a member of the May Day Committee, I was able to stop the police from interfering. As for the cheap jibe that I used the Anarchist movement "as a springboard," I didn't start as an Anarchist nor was I ever, from the start up to the present, either an Anarchist or connected in any way with the Anarchist movement.

68 Powan Street, William Gallacher
Paisley.

ST. ANNE'S COLLEGE

Sir,—St. Anne's College, Oxford, is anxious to get in touch with all its old members, those of the days when it was the Society of Oxford Home-Students as well as those of more recent times, and also with all friends of the College.

To commemorate the Principalship of the Hon. Eleanor Plumer from 1940-1953, a Plumer Fund has been opened to purchase freehold land which St. John's College has offered to sell at a most reasonable price. Ownership of this property would make the future of the College secure, for the site on which the buildings given by Mrs. Hartland stand is not large enough for necessary developments. £23,000 is being asked for in gifts, subscriptions, and interest-free loans, for the College, with very little income beyond its fees, cannot face the annual payment of interest on a mortgage; though once the property is available for use, repayment of capital would be possible.

If all friends of the College, and those interested in the development of the education of women and of the other causes for which Miss Plumer works with such devotion, would write to the Treasurer of the Eleanor Plumer Fund, St. Anne's College, Oxford, copies of the Appeal which gives full particulars of the plan will be sent at once.

St. Anne's College, Mary D. R. Leys,
Oxford. Senior Fellow

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Books in General

Weltliteratur: the expression, it seems, was coined by Goethe. He never defined it, but by it he meant neither the aggregate of national literatures nor the works of the very great which transcend national literatures. *Weltliteratur*, he believed, was something new in his own lifetime, something implicit in his view of civilisation as "a great fugue in which the voices of the nations gradually come into play." *Weltliteratur*, then, was literature, whatever the language of its origin and regardless of whether it was read in the original or in translation, that could be interpreted as belonging to or furthering the concept of what we today might call "one world." It was the literature which mediates between the national literatures.

So much I have learnt from Mr. S. H. Steinberg's article on the subject in the encyclopædia he has so ably edited.* Carlyle, whom Goethe attempted to infect with his own enthusiasm, responded to the notion with notable lack of warmth. The idea of *Weltliteratur* belonged to that side of the Sage of Weimar that most irritated the Sage of Ecclefechan, yet, as we may see now, Goethe's notion was the prescience of what the Sage of Ecclefechan most revered—a Fact. There is now such a thing as world-literature. It is evident in the simple truth that the usable past of the English novelist today includes not only works in English fiction but also works in French, Russian, American and even Japanese literatures; and this usable past, moreover, will be almost identical with that for a contemporary Indian novelist. It is evident even more vividly in the series of events in poetry that may be summed up in the sequence Poe—Baudelaire—the French Symbolists—T. S. Eliot—Eliot's profound influence on the poetry of so many tongues. In the poetry of Eliot, whose notion of tradition has its affinities with Goethe's idea of *Weltliteratur*, half a dozen national literatures come together; and this makes him a poet of a quite different order from, say, Mr. Robert Graves. Mr. Graves belongs, I have no doubt at all, to English poetry; so does Eliot, but he belongs to something more as well, and world-literature is as convenient a word for it as any.

Yet, simply because of the richness and abundance of our literature and those we are traditionally acquainted with, it is perhaps not easy for us to take the idea of world-literature wholly seriously. At least, it can be shrugged off, as the author of *The Story of the World's Literature*† does in his preface—"some national literatures seem not to have become a part of the corporate literature of Europe but have remained shut off within national and linguistic boundaries." What Mr. Macy really means is that books written in the less familiar languages suffer just because they are written in the less familiar languages. And we suffer as a result. Consider two seminal figures in modern literature who certainly belong to the world-literature that transcends the national: Kierkegaard and Kafka. Kierkegaard, writing in Danish, had to wait for seventy years after his death before the first selection from his writing was translated into English; Kafka, writing in German and published for the most part posthumously, could be read in English within a very few years of the first appearance of his books. Kafka was a Czech: had he written in Czech, should we have heard of him by now? And the same question may be asked of his compatriot Rilke.

Granted that a world-literature as Goethe conceived it now exists and that major works of poetry and fiction are likely increasingly to be the products of the interplay between several national literatures, it is plain that the old type of literary history, which interpreted each separate literature in isolation, will not suffice much longer: the water-tight compartments are down; something else is wanted—but not more books like *The Story of the World's Literature*. That the title is a misnomer hardly matters: for Mr. Macy the world's literature consists of the classics, the Bible and the literatures of western Europe, Russia and the United States. Nor does it matter that the book is written for readers who will know their foreign literature through translations: for Goethe the production and distribution of translations were the first essential step towards *Weltliteratur*; but the matter of the adequacy of translations is relevant, and it is extremely unlikely that anyone ignorant of French will get much insight into the quality of Baudelaire from such a single line as "I am lovely as a dream of stone."

But beyond this, at this date *The Story of the World's Literature* scarcely justifies its existence, or at any rate its transport across the Atlantic. Indeed, it is something of a publishing mystery. From internal evidence the book was written about 1924. There is what is called a "publisher's appendix" on contemporary world literature which is written at a much lower level of literacy than the rest of the book: "Novelist D. H. Lawrence" jostles with "Poets Auden and Spender"; and the literary judgments strike one as often bizarrely expressed: "Francois Mauriac is a liberal Catholic writer whose work is permeated with a strong religious flavour." One sees what is meant. The body of the book is better than this: there can be no question of Mr. Macy's capacity for appreciation; but even for a work of popularisation—especially because it is a work of specialisation—it is twenty years out of date. It is chat about books at its most naive, written throughout in what the Japanese-Canadian semanticist S. I. Hayakawa calls "purr-words": "The people's elected king of laughter and tears, Charles Dickens." The bibliography is a good thirty years behind the times.

What is wanted, of course, is easy enough to see. It may be glimpsed in some of the critical writings of Ezra Pound, in such a book as Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, and in *Form and Style in Poetry*, in which W. P. Ker traced certain metrical forms through a whole body of related medieval literature. But we shall never get what is wanted from one man, and we are not likely for a long time to do better than *Cassell's Encyclopædia of Literature*. It is a compilation as admirable as it is impressive, and it does, quite simply, take the whole of world-literature as its province. Here are fifteen consecutive headings: epode, erotic literature, Eskimo literature, essay, Estabanilla Gonzalez, Estonian literature, Estrella de Sevilla, estribillo, Ethiopian literature, Eulenspiegel, Everyman, existentialism, expressionism, extravaganza. Its range of subject is remarkably complete, and for the most part, as far as one can tell from following one's own lines of interest, very adequately covered.

The *Encyclopædia* falls into three parts: the encyclopædia proper, covering the histories of the world's literatures, articles on literary forms, myths and so on; the biographies of the world's writers down to 1914; and biographies of twentieth-century writers. Again judging from one's own lines of interest, the biographies appear very good indeed; some—those of Mr. Martin Turnell and Mr. Geoffrey Brereton on the French writers of their choice, and Miss Rosemary Freeman on some of the Victorians—are models of felicity. The record of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English poets, mainly the work of Mr. Bertram Joseph, seems thoroughly exhaustive. Only once did I come across what seemed to me a grossly unjust account of a writer, and even that was perverse on a Johnsonian scale:

> An unenthusiastic barrister but indefatigable legal theorist, much of whose work was compiled and published in French by Dumont. He was a practical if eccentric reformer whose utilitarian moral theory (produced in association with Mill) is a quantitative assessment of pleasure characteristic of his humourless and unimaginative mind. His interest in death was excessive but scientific. His embalmed remains are at University College, London, which he helped to found.

So much for Bentham! The bibliographies attached to the brief lives are excellent, and one would especially single out Mr. Joseph's of Shakespeare.

The section on twentieth-century biographies is similarly comprehensive, and it is a sign of virtue in the editor that he has not allowed it to be swamped by English, American and French authors. Even here, the only signal omission seems to me to be Céline, though I think an inch or so of space might have been spared for Harold Monro. Of the contemporary biographies those by M. Marcel Girard and M. J. P. Richard on such writers as Sartre, Camus and Malraux are especially good.

But the meat of the book lies in the encyclopædia proper. What is striking here, and a little saddening too, is how much better the professionals are than the writers one may call with all respect the amateurs. It would not, I fancy, be easy to improve on the articles on Criticism by Mr. T. J. B. Spencer, Don Juan by Mr. Brereton, Translation by Dr. Rieu, Biography by M. Maurois, or Tragedy by Professor Kitto. Mr. Glynne Wickham and Mr. G. R. Rowell. But with Sir Norman Birkett on the Essay and Canon Adam Fox on Humour and Wit there is a slackening in seriousness and selection: we are back in the realms of appreciation and purr-words: "James Agate at times reached the highest levels of style"; "*The New Yorker* is obviously for cultivated people: *Punch* is for ladies and gentlemen" (Muggeridge, art tha listenin' there below?).

* *Cassell's Encyclopædia of Literature*. Edited by S. H. STEINBERG. *Cassell*. 2 *Vols*. 42*s*. *each*.

† *The Story of the World's Literature*. By JOHN MACY. *Peter Owen*. 35*s*.

Yet admirable though *Cassell's Encyclopædia of Literature* is, it seems to me that opportunities have been missed. The last thirty years, roughly since the first publication of *The Sacred Wood* and I. A. Richards's *Principles*, have seen something like a revolution in criticism. One result of this is that certain words of great antiquity in criticism, for instance "irony," "paradox," "wit," "ambiguity," have taken on greatly extended meanings which might well have been exemplified in a work of this kind, even at the expense of the articles on Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature (which tells us that Professor Day Lewis is also Mr. Nicholas Blake), Science Fiction and Societies, Literary. So far as this Encyclopædia is concerned, Mr. Eliot (as critic), Dr. Richards, Mr. Empson, Dr. Leavis and a number of eminent American scholars have laboured in vain. But in the light of the book's positive merits, especially the wholly satisfying sense that pervades it of literature as a universal activity, "a great fugue in which the voices of the nations gradually come into play," this is a minor complaint.

WALTER ALLEN

AN EXVITATION TIL AE MAN'S MUSE

A chiel's been eftar tellin's, Muse, that ye
Are juist pretendan ye're in love wi me.
He seems t think that ye're the kin o queyn,
Rethar the kin o huir, he threips o, syne.
He says that suin ye'll lae me on ma beam
As his smooth lipper's lang desertet him;
An aa because ye fund me on the street.
He thinks your name is Ledy Windan-Sheet.

But gif it wes true, gif ye are whit he said,
A huir frae hell, an no the Lord's haundmaid,
An the likes o him can live as lang as Donne,
Milton, Villon, Crabbe and Henryson—
Lassie, there's nae need syne t byde wi me.
Guid luck til ye. Ma door staunds aye ajee.

TOM SCOTT

A POSTCARD FROM TOSSA

Almost another Eden, the Costa Brava,
a seaside garden which that tormented Snake,
the Male Intelligence, cannot hope to enter;
for here is Innocence that cannot be corrupted,
and now it is August,
when no-one discusses the higher moralities.

They are not 'apparelled in celestial light,'
these intimations of an earlier state,
but unapparelled, in a clear and carnal light.
The brown limbs flash in the fierce amoral sun
by the glittering tideless sea,
and the virile fishermen tend their nets with a knowing smile.

Holiday. And the Serpent cannot comprehend,
for he does not lie on the sand and bathe,
and he cannot tempt,
for who would understand his words?

Perhaps in November, when the long nights return,
there will be occasions for reflection;
the enactment of tragedies,
and all the phantasmal grandeurs of Man.

But now the mood is feminine and blind,
only aware of laughter and the sun.
Burdened with reason and a sense of sin,
the Serpent crawls outside the garden,
but does not want to be let in.

BERNARD BERGONZI

THE GRAND ALLIANCE

America, Britain and Russia. Their Co-operation and Conflict, 1941–1946. By WILLIAM HARDY MCNEILL. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

Chatham House has called in an American to write the history of the Grand Alliance during the second World War. This is itself symbolic. If detachment was the object, then the job should have been given to a Swiss, an Afghan, or a Swede. As it is, there is a suggestion—not altogether ill-founded—that the co-operation of the three Great Powers was predominantly an American conception. Otherwise Mr. McNeill was a good choice. He knows Europe; he has a true historian's detachment; and, unlike many even of the best American historians, he writes a clear, effective prose—a great improvement on the turgid vaticination of Professor Toynbee's introduction.

This is a book that had to be written. But should it have been written in this form? It is over 300,000 words and too heavy to read except at a desk. Yet it is only one of many volumes that Chatham House projects to cover the second World War. Professors Langer and Gleason are writing a similar history of American foreign policy at the same stupendous length. But they have had unrestricted access to the papers in the State Department; and their volumes are packed with revelations. Nothing like that can happen here. The Foreign Office will not even allow historians to look at its records of the first World War; it will certainly not tolerate revelations about the second. If Chatham House were in less awe of authority, it would lead a campaign against this secrecy, which puts the feelings of a few officials above the needs of an educated democracy. Instead this volume, like the rest of the series, tells us at great length what we knew already. And therefore it fails of its purpose. It ought to be read by every intelligent citizen in England and the United States. It will be read by few. Its length and weight are against it. Sir Frederick Maurice told the story of allied co-operation during the first World War in a hundred pages. Mr. McNeill takes over seven hundred. Chatham House seems to have lost interest in the problem of communication. It is content to fill the shelves of libraries. But what is the use of a book unless people read it?

Mr. McNeill finished his book in the summer of 1952. There is already a good deal of fresh material. It is a more serious flaw that he used no Russian sources. The Russians certainly kept things much to themselves; and they have contributed little to the story of the Grand Alliance except suspicion. All the same, a good deal can be learnt from the articles in their learned periodicals; and even if Mr. McNeill cannot read Russian, Chatham House could surely have given him a summary of this information. Without this, his book is very much a history of the Alliance from the American and, to some extent, from the English side. We know what Roosevelt expected from it, and what Churchill thought of it. We remain in the dark as to how Stalin regarded it and its effect on Russian policy.

The Alliance was made by Hitler. Its purpose was to win the war. Mr. McNeill insists on this again and again. He even remarks in a footnote that no alliance has lasted longer than the danger that brought it into existence. Yet there was throughout a difference of emphasis. Both Russia and Great Britain fought for survival. But Russia had existed before in isolation and could do so again. Great Britain could not face isolation either in war or peace. The United States were, in one sense, more remote. Their survival as an independent Power was never seriously threatened, their immediate security not at all. Yet many Americans, from the President downwards, wanted a permanent peace and recognised that this could be achieved only by a voluntary surrender of their isolation. The Alliance was for them a matter of policy; whereas for the Russians it was a matter of convenience and for the British a matter of existence. This shaped their reaction to each other. Roosevelt and Stalin each possessed a freedom of manoeuvre and got on together in independence. Churchill had to keep in step with his partners and, therefore, in the last resort, to give way to them. The post-war failure perhaps came about partly because the British were no longer willing or able to act as mediators.

This is, after all, the central problem. However detached the reader tries to be, as he plods through the mountainous narrative, the sixty-four dollar question is never far from his mind: what caused the Alliance to break down? Mr. McNeill gives a cautious answer. He brings out the Russian suspicion that was always near the surface; he emphasises the superficiality of Roosevelt's hopes for the future; and he underlines in his conclusion the fact that now stares us all in the face—the existence of two world Powers, who could be balanced only if Europe were united. At one point he gives a more precise date for the beginning of the breakdown. He regards the Warsaw rising of August, 1944, and the Russian failure to aid it as the watershed, after which everything ran backwards. "The glimpse of Stalin's Moloch-face which had been fleetingly accorded to the West could not be forgotten easily." In more general terms, he emphasises the contradiction in the agreed programme for eastern Europe that there should be states both democratic and friendly to the Soviet Union; they could be one or other, not both. He would then seem to regard an exaggerated wish for security as the prime motive of Soviet policy and of Soviet suspicions.

Something is missing here, as it is largely missing throughout the book. The missing factor is Communism. There is a grudging reference at the beginning to the Communist system in Russia and to the Marxist outlook of her rulers. There is never a hint that to many Americans, though not perhaps to American liberals like Mr. McNeill, Communism was the greatest enemy of their political and economic system. Communists outside Russia are treated as auxiliaries in the war against Hitler. There is no suggestion of the independent Communist line which could be detected as early as the autumn of 1943. In conclusion Mr. McNeill talks of the Social Revolution of our times as though it were all of one piece. The New Deal, the Welfare State, Communist dictatorship were all much the same, with the same methods, the same ideals, the same pattern. "The logical extreme of either the garrison or the Welfare State . . . would be to establish two groups: human cattle and the managers who tend and use them." Poor old Liberty does not get much of a look in. But perhaps it wrecked the Grand Alliance.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

UNWELCOME GUERRILLA

England Your England, and Other Essays. By GEORGE ORWELL. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In his essay on *Writers and Leviathan* reprinted in the present volume, George Orwell discusses the part that the writer ought to play in politics:

> There is no reason why he should not write in the most crudely political way, if he wishes to. Only he should do so as an individual, an outsider, at the most an unwelcome guerrilla on the flank of the regular army.

Orwell was probably the most unwelcome guerrilla produced by his generation in England. He was always rounding on his own side on the eve of victory, calmly pointing out that the glorious advance was only another sort of retreat: a retreat, as he would put it, from the truth. He was about the first to perceive that the ideal of being a good anti-Fascist threatened to lapse into an *idée reçue*, fit for tub-thumpers but not for writers. Weapons of a kind had been continuously used by the Right against the Left since the intellectuals started fellow-travelling in the mid-1930s. But the weapons failed to strike home,

because the Right failed to realise that Communism or near-Communism was a necessary experience for intellectuals then, even if later events proved the intellectuals misguided. Besides, the weapons were launched from a preposterous eminence.

An attack from the Left on the Left was a different matter, and far more effective. Orwell saw the corruption of both sides equally clearly; but since the danger of corruption on his side seemed to him more deadly, he concentrated his shafts here. And they struck home. Reading this volume of essays today—some well known, such as *Marrakech*, *Inside the Whale* and a passage from *The Road to Wigan Pier*, others almost forgotten since they have been languishing in obscure periodicals and never reprinted—we are surprised to recall how revolutionary they seemed on their first appearance. For Orwell's opinions, largely owing to the fact that he expressed them and we have unconsciously absorbed them, now read as common sense, whereas at the time they read as thrilling heresies. His mistrust, for example, of Soviet "democracy," once thought perverse, is now orthodox; and his attack on the poets of the Thirties, not for having taken part in politics but for imagining that their literature was more *engagée* than in fact it was, no longer needs to be defended. This is no reason for ceasing to read him. For even if his views are now widely held, his qualities of mind—his glowing integrity, his search for the good and bad in everything solely for the sake of truth—remain rare. And we need his example to shake ourselves out of more recently acquired prejudices.

Orwell does not often attack facts; he reserves his vituperation for people's attitudes of muddle-headedness and slyness towards facts. Brought up in the epoch of Mass Observation and the documentary film, he has a kind of respect for the facts themselves, however disagreeable they may be. (This accounts for his approval of the subject-matter, not at all up his street, of *Tropic of Cancer*.) He generally writes at one remove from politics and art. Most of the essays in this book are concerned with accumulating and analysing states of mind, sorting out people's muddles for them, exposing them savagely if their states of mind become criminal. To take an example: he does not bother to attack straightforward anti-Semitism—a sitting target for such a crack shot—but mercilessly exposes the all too widespread attitude of supposedly respectable people, which expresses itself, at its least nauseating, as: "some of my best friends are Jews."

The Left-wing intellectual of the late 1930s comes in for the same harsh treatment, and rather deserves it. We can understand now that his activities were little more than high-minded slumming, but this was not clear at the time. We needed an Orwell, not a Conservative politician, to point out that the intellectual had no real understanding of working-class mentality, that he could never acquire it, that whatever he did he could not deny his bourgeois background. Of course, this is partly autobiographical, an attack on his own helplessness as a bourgeois intellectual. But whereas others seem only mildly to have been worried by this problem, Orwell was acutely conscious of it the whole time and made desperate efforts to overcome it. Others went on student delegations to Madrid during the Civil War or even remained in a pub in Charlotte Street brandishing a copy of the *Daily Worker*; or they stopped off at Wigan on their way to a country house in Yorkshire. Meanwhile, Orwell was down and out in Paris and London. He deliberately sank to the bottom, he made life as hideous for himself as he could, he preferred to starve (he very nearly did starve) rather than be rescued by fellow Old Etonians. He may also have failed to identify himself with the working class, but of all the creative writers of his generation, he got closest to discovering how the destitute manage to stay alive, and enriched literature with the humanism this knowledge gave him.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

HISTORY WITHOUT TEARS

The Splendid Century. By H. W. LEWIS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

Louis XIV at Versailles. *Folio Society.* 21s.

Dr. Lewis's book consists of thirteen essays on various aspects of life in France during the reign of Louis XIV, written in an informal style suitable for a popular audience. The historian today, once he leaves the sanctum of the Senior Common Room, knows well that he must address himself to one of the three new estates of the realm, the *noblesse* of the Third, the *tiers état* of the Light, or the great *bourgeoisie* of the Home. Dr. Lewis is obviously aiming at the Home and has lowered his sights accordingly. Hand in hand he takes us round *le grand siècle*, speaking an occasional word in French to flatter our vocabulary. Owing to limitations of space there is not room for everything of interest. Some of the grandeur of the century is bound to escape us when commerce, industry, finance, the civil service and the judicial system are withdrawn from our notice. But Dr. Lewis covers a lot of ground of his own choosing. We visit Versailles and Paris, take a look at agriculture and the provincial gentry, have Louvois's reform of the army explained to us, are introduced to the elaborate etiquette of the times, are shocked by some of their domestic habits, are horrified by the state of medical knowledge and impressed by the quantity of literary genius. There is even a peep into St. Cyr to see how girls are educated, and an interesting excursion to the Mediterranean to watch the galley-slaves chained to their oars.

This conducted tour can be recommended under Dr. Lewis's genial and erudite guidance; but the easiness of the going should not deceive the unsophisticated reader into thinking that history, however well documented, is as plain-sailing as Dr. Lewis makes it appear. Matters of simple fact are often in doubt. Thus Dr. Lewis states firmly that Madame de Maintenon married Louis XIV in 1684, a date for which he can claim the

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authority of *Petit Larousse*, if none better. Voltaire (whose *Siècle de Louis XIV* strangely finds no place in Dr. Lewis's bibliography), writing 200 years earlier, fixes the secret marriage in 1685 or 1686; while Mr. Desmond Flower, translating St. Simon for the Folio Society, is not ready to concede that the marriage ever took place at all. The exact date is not without importance, as the Edict of Nantes was revoked on 22nd October, 1685, and there has always been a suspicion that the two events may have had some connection. Did Madame de Maintenon get the Archbishop of Paris to condone her shady wedding at the expense of the wretched Huguenots? Dr. Lewis, although he confesses that her character is an enigma to him, exonerates her completely from the charge, for he has his own theory to expand about the persecution of the Huguenots. According to him their position in 17th-century France was like that of the Jews in Hitler's Germany, and their expulsion was due to a wave of national anti-Semitism. "There is no villian in the piece, or if one prefers to put it in another way, all France was the villian." Even if this view were correct—and it is tantamount to saying that all Germany was responsible for the infamous Nuremberg Laws—there is at least one other way in which I should prefer to put it; and that is by spelling "villain" right. How can the most Homely readers have proper faith in the learned, if they fail to correct their proofs!

The incomparable guide to the Court of Louis XIV is, of course, the Duc de St. Simon, whose penetrating observation of that aristocratic society no one can ever hope to better. (Dr. Lewis, although much indebted to the Duc, is not particularly grateful. "Hasty recording of badly authenticated facts . . . mars so much of St. Simon's best work.") Unfortunately, for readers short of time and education St. Simon's *Mémoires* run to over 2½ million words of not very grammatical French, and Frenchmen themselves are hard put to it to straighten out his syntax. The average Englishman therefore must count himself satisfied with a bare taste of this enormous dish; and in *Louis XIV at Versailles* Mr. Desmond Flower has translated a few delicious morsels to whet our appetites. This book is a handsome, well-printed volume, deserving of better illustrations than the fanciful modern etchings by Goor which adorn it. Any translator of St. Simon is in the Laocoon position of wrestling with an infinity of snakes; for the tortuous long sentences in the original twine round and round to the point of suffocation. Mr. Flower chops them up drastically in order to be easily comprehensible—and who shall blame him? It is better to have St. Simon boned and filleted, than no acquaintance with the great Duc at all.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A GROUP IN THE STREET

The Last Husband. By WILLIAM HUMPHREY. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Phoenix Fled. By ATTIA HOSAIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Estrangement. By NADIA LEGRAND. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To Live at Random. By MARY LAMONT. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Pick of To-day's Short Stories. Edited by JOHN PUDNEY. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A group in the street is the origin of most short stories. The short story is, in fact, the other man's happening; we are not meant to step inside and lose ourselves in its day-dream, as we may with so many novels. Except through an anxious feeling that he ought to, the real short-story teller does not write novels, for they come out of a very different view of our own and other people's lives. But he (or she) has, all the same, to establish a state of mind, an understood background against which his tales, even the fantastic ones, will have their own plausibility. The best stories, it seems to me, are not by authors who try out a dozen different manners, but by those who establish this attitude and scene from the start.

It is the absence of such a background that gives an irresolute quality to the collection *The Last Husband*. The author is an American, who seems by temperament more leisured and more "literary" in looking at life that the usual *New Yorker* writer. Some of his ten tales, which shift in subject from South to North, from the country to the town, seem an attempt to disguise this—the title story, for instance, an arid and gloomy picture of urban marriage and the infidelities of a commuting husband. But, taken separately, the stories have none of the vagueness of the whole; they are vivid, ingenious, and least unpleasant when they are least sophisticated. One such describes an old married couple, farming people, innocently troubled after fifty years by the recollection of the young first wife who died; another, the effect of derelict children in a school on the lucky and the clever; a third, the effect on a southern boy of a gentleman of old family going into business.

> The first customer . . . said that she had to turn her head while Mr. Forester wrapped her package. Everyone had been touched and pleased to hear that it had been a very clumsily wrapped package.

The scene of *Phoenix Fled* is modern India, a battle ground of new manners and old conventions, in which no one, rich or poor, can hope not to be involved. With such a field—for, as we know, a rigorous social code offers the kind of conflict from which fiction most readily grows—the story-teller's chances are endless. This author who was "born in Northern India" (we are told) "of a feudal landowning family which was one of the pioneers of the movement to introduce Western education and thought into the traditional way of life" can view her scene from the inside, but with the detachment of privilege and an English education. She is a vigorous and economical writer, dealing with sad themes, but certainly aware that nostalgia for the past and grief for the present are not enough. A young bride does not know how to reconcile her old beliefs and her westernised husband's ways. A girl, married at sixteen to an unwilling boy on the eve of going to England, meets him on his return nine years later. And there is a bold sketch of a one-time bandit turned household servant.

> "These sons of mine," he said disparagingly "would not make good dacoits. They are weak, credulous and with no judgment. They cannot support a job; a job must support them."

When a son proves a thief, the old man cares only that he should not be one of a mean and feeble kind.

The Estrangement contains three stories by a bilingual young French writer living in this country. The first, which is very long—a novel, in fact—was written in English; it is about foreign students at a holiday course at the University of "Oxbridge"; the others, which are shorter, are translated from the French. It is a curious book; stiff and intense, cruel and sad, clever and naïve, as a young writer's work must often be; each story explores minutely and meticulously an experience, and the experience is nearly always that of love. Basically, I think, this author is a novelist, for she extends a situation rather than limiting it, and involves herself and her readers in it too intimately. The stories are overwritten; the French background is not, I should hope, an excuse for such sentences as: "Having an infallible intuition she knew within seconds that here was something that had to run its course in destiny with all its unpredictable consequences," or for the use of words like "inferiority complex" and "escapism." Yet for all these gaucheries and limitations, the stories have a quality—imagination, perhaps—that make one curious to see a later work.

Mary Lamont, the author of *To Live at Random*, shows with what success the personal experience can be taken a stage further. I would describe her as a natural story-teller, and—though there is an echo of Elizabeth Bowen throughout the book—an original, even, quickly spinning a new tale out of a passing observation; the group in the street, in short. Her scene, an oddly remote one today, is the evacuation village in wartime; but its variations have more than a local interest. In several stories, still within this close framework, she writes of the inarticulate, the half-wit, the deranged; not harshly, but probing at a moment of time into the fragmentary hidden history beneath that moment. One of these studies, the haunting tale called *Missing*, is, I think, the most impressive tale in all the five volumes

"Every one of these," the *Pick of Today's Short Stories* says on its wrapper, "has that flick of humour, of irony, of drama, of life, that leaves the reader to snap the book shut with a satisfied chuckle." Now this is not only unfair to the tales, which leave no such impression, but misleading to the reader. What he *may* feel on quietly closing the book is reflective. What he may reflect is that there is no typical English story, perhaps because there is no typical English life; and possibly, that life in this country is, anyhow, seen only through literature, of one sort or another. Certainly, though they faithfully reflect a number of literary trends (romantic, nostalgic, whimsical, Wellsian-comical) it would be impossible for a stranger to gather from these tales—many of them set in foreign places—any consistent idea about the country in which they were written. Surely it is to a bookish convention that we owe the sentimental cockney war story, or the sketch of a boding gipsyish farm-woman in the peasanty English countryside of the Georgian short story. But it is easier to understand Mr. Pudney's choice of these than of the one in which a man pretends to be dead so that his poems will sell (which they then improbably do); or the cheap and pointless piece about suffragettes. Still the five or six good stories do, possibly, justify the collection. Among these are *The Idealist* by Geoffrey Household, a clever, ironic study of the idea of courage in the regular and the temporary

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soldier, Angus Wilson's *The Men With Bowler Hats*, about a pair of hotel children whose artless games give away each prospecting and bailiff-ridden parent to the other; Phyllis Bottome's *The Prize*, a charming tale of children in a native South African school, and an injustice; Francis King's *The Soutane*, about a young priest and a girl, meeting briefly in the Dolomites; *Carillon* by Frances Towers, in which a young girl comes to study music in an old Continental town, and *Broken Cellophane* by Robin Maugham, about a clerk and a wonderful toy. But except perhaps for the last, can any of these quite characteristic English stories be said to throw any light at all on the elusive English scene?

NAOMI LEWIS

MORE ABOUT THE SECOND SEX

Lady Into Woman. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Dakers.* 15*s.*

Miss Vera Brittain's history of women's emancipation in the twentieth century covers a wide field in time and space. In time it stretches back to its Victorian roots; in space it covers the civilised world. She was right to do this, for her roots are significant and her space indefinable. But if it were not for the vivacity and at times the real penetration of her running commentary, her record would emerge as a tightly packed compendium—a hand-book rather than a history. At moments indeed it does so, but not for long. Thus she has produced a book which should be read, indeed owned and reread, by the contemporaries of her daughter to whom it is dedicated.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book, at any rate to a reader familiar with the better-known stages of female emancipation, is the chapter entitled "Women and Money" in which the author chronicles the advance—or rather lack of advance—of women in the higher ranks of industry and commerce. She indicates, as a significant symptom, the overwhelming preponderance of males in the first-class compartments of our railways, in an age when the bulk of first-class travel is financed by expense allowances. And it is noted as no less significant that most financially influential women have been the wives, widows, or daughters of wealthy men rather than the builders of their own fortunes. Among the causes of this relative failure the author cites the entanglement of domestic duties which traditionally encumber a woman—or as she puts it more vividly in a later chapter—"the liability of all women to be mentally anæsthetised by domestic details which provide continuous antidotes to thought." One might carry the matter further: to the point where the author deals with the specifically feminine attitude to human life and personality, and indicate as a cause of inferior career-consciousness, the distracting altruism of women. Who has ever heard a man say to a male colleague: "My dear, you look all in; won't you take a long morning in bed and let me bring you up some breakfast"? Who that has lived in a women's residential establishment has *not* heard it?

Two specific matters remain for comment. First, in recording the progress of women in medicine, it is necessary to add a word of warning concerning their position as general practitioners under the National Health Service. There is a tendency, sometimes expressed in policy, sometimes merely followed in practice, to assume that where a practitioner is appointed to fill an advertised vacancy, a man must always be followed by a man, a woman by a woman—thus stereotyping a relative proportion of men to women which is at present to the disadvantage of women.

The second comment should bring some comfort to Miss Brittain. On page 125 she elaborates Virginia Woolf's reference to the arts and graces of life which male undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge have managed to monopolise as inheritors of its ancient college endowments. A London and provincial university tour would offer her some compensation. Unlike the women of Oxbridge, the women of Redbrick are, if anything, in a privileged position. Their halls of residence are rising like palaces, beautifully designed, spaciously planned, and elegantly furnished. In the matter of gracious living they are faring on the whole better than the men. And richly they deserve to; for where men students can be counted on to make a pigsty of a drawing-room, women students will make a drawing-room of a pigsty—a fact which may require further analysis from Miss Brittain.

MARY STOCKS

LOW AND NOT SO HIGH

Low Visibility. By DAVID LOW. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Persona Grata. By CECIL BEATON and KENNETH TYNAN. *Wingate.* 21*s.*

In glorification or defiance of its title, *Low Visibility* catches with a cover that is all light, sparkle, and satire. Against the pale blue of eternity start candid figures, like—but how unlike—the Elgin Marbles in their gallery. White the appearance, black the deed: the genial smiles and shoulder clasps of the Attlee-Stalin-Truman group only emphasise a stance firmly knotted in trip and counter-trip; Mossadeq shrieks from some operatic sick-bed; into a microphone Malenkov blows doves; and here an ex-King exposes unclassical bulk to the Riviera breezes, and old Micawber pulls on tattered gloves, preparatory no doubt to assuming office. On the back cover are such further joys as the T.U.C. horse, fair, fat, and forty, looking round at a jockey intent on form, and an ostrich-like De Gaulle breathing over the globe he will never woo. "Peace in Our Time" might be the title of these antics so terrifying to the mind and exhilarating to the eye.

"A Cartoon History, 1945-53" is Low's own description of what follows. A brief news summary introduces, or rather completes, each page: we grin at the picture, imbibe its legend, and then swallow—as best we can—the small tabulation of fact, which as often as not out-satirises satire. "Difficult Courtship," for example, on page 17, reveals a charming coolness between Betsy Molotov, besprigged and be-capped on a park seat, and Byrnes and Bevin in bowler hats, with their collars up: the formidable gap between them is bridged only by a tentative flower from the frozen Byrnes to the freezing lady. It's nice to look at, rueful to read about, and the cumulative weight of such situations needs all Low's gaiety to keep us from despondence.

That he should on the whole triumph is the best tribute to his gifts. He never runs away. He faces failure rather than evade. He has his liberal acumen and his inspiration. Of his personalities I think Micawber (would this win smiles from him?) and the T.U.C. horse supreme; and among individual drawings my favourite here is "Discipline at Attlee's Academy." An outsize schoolboy, with the *Daily Herald* peeping out of his pocket, faces the little headmaster across a desk large as a billiard table; on the wall is that same headmaster, pictured, without mortar-board, riding the old party horse; he exclaims "Fighting again, Deakin! If this does not stop I shall have to send a doodle to your parents." Perhaps one reason why this cartoon so charms is that the strife behind it provides comic relief to the main battle, of which, with doves let go and atom-bombs bulging pockets, we rarely lose sight. *Low Visibility* is, in fact, as good an escape for realists as can be imagined.

Persona Grata parades celebrities—mostly connected with the theatre—with a smartness that will please some a good deal more than others. It lacks any sense of proportion—Chaplin is dismissed in a few lines because Mr. Tynan happens to disapprove of him. His text is high-spirited, high-speed journalism with occasional thrills and wastes of damp squibs. Mr. Beaton's photographs on the whole deserve better, though he has failures of taste and wit, and even—elementary, this—stiff postures not so intended. But some of the photographs are brilliant: Margot Fonteyn, especially, in six attitudes, should capture all who have never seen her.

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DR. ERWIN ROSENTHAL,
The Synagogue Review.

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Lavallette Bruce. By IAN BRUCE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21s.

It is not often that ordinary men hit the jackpot of fame twice. Michael Bruce was an exception. In early life he met Lady Hester Stanhope in the Near East and became her lover. This extraordinary love-story, one of the strangest in history, was told by Brigadier Bruce, his descendant, in *The Nun of Lebanon*. It seemed unlikely that either Michael or the Brigadier could repeat the success of that enchanting book. But the second instalment from Michael Bruce's life and letters is quite as good. No Hester Stanhope. But instead the trial of Marshal Ney (with Michael, gallant as ever, conducting a love affair with the Marshal's wife); the dramatic escape from prison of Lavallette; and Michael's own trial for aiding the escape. There is a fascinating picture in Michael Bruce's own words of Paris during and after the Hundred Days. Earlier chapters give personal experiences of the Peninsular War; and the last chapters ramble over Regency England, from Peterloo to Lady Caroline Lamb. There are few books which treat the past so vividly, as a matter of casual correspondence; and such good correspondence, too. Lady Hester Stanhope certainly turned Michael Bruce into a man of the world.

English Law and the Moral Law. By A. L. GOODHART. *Stevens.* 12s. 6d.

One of the great classic debates of jurisprudence turns upon the question, What gives law its compulsive power? Is it because there is felt to be a duty to obey? Or is it because a particular action is commanded? Is law to be defined in terms of obligation or of force? The division goes very deep, and on either side the schools are ranged: on the one hand the philosophers of natural law, all those who feel the idea of law to be empty without some notion of justice and of right; on the other Austin and the positivists, Hobbes, and Thrasymachus of *The Republic*. In this book, consisting of four Hamlyn lectures delivered at the University of Manchester, Professor Goodhart expounds the theory of obligation. He sees law, not as something imposed by superior force, but as a rule recognised as binding. The essence of law is "the feeling of oughtness." Law, in fact, is closely akin to morality; there is a natural interplay between these two rules of conduct; and as the second part of his theme he is concerned to show how deeply English law, as we know it, has been affected by what he calls "the moral law."

The book is a valuable and interesting one, in particular the early pages, with their lucid account of the ways in which legal philosophers at various times have approached the problem of defining their subject. But the very traditional quality of the argument, the easy reference to large unexplained entities, may leave certain misgivings. For example, it is never quite clear what is this "moral law" which so powerfully influences our English system. Is it some objective standard; or the morality of the judge; or the moral views of the community; or, as is said at one point, "the moral law as it is understood in the Western world"? We are not told; and at times it seems almost wrong to ask.

Scot Free: A Book of Gael Warnings. By WILFRED TAYLOR. *Reinhardt.* 10s. 6d.

The Scots have the deceptive reputation of being a tongue-tied people. This is so far from being true that much of the best Anglo-Scottish writing of this century—or writing by Scots in English—is at once helped and hampered by the national gift for conversational improvisation, for dragging in anecdotes, and going off at tangents into endless arguments. Scots tend to retain all their lives a taste and an aptitude for what Cardinal Manning called "the ruthless chatter of undergraduates," and though they are an extremely masculine people they have a feminine love of gossip. This talent for improvisation, indeed, spoils the construction of many of James Bridie's plays and makes the digressions the best things in Mr. Moray McLaren's travel-books.

Mr. Wilfred Taylor, who writes a witty daily column of general comment in *The Scotsman*, has had the brilliant idea of writing a book about Scotland that is all tangents and digressions. In the end, in a brief space, he has covered an enormous amount of country and vividly evoked many significant and little-known aspects of Scottish life—the extraordinary legends that accrete round Scottish University Professors, the cultural life of Edinburgh, so much more cosmopolitan than that of London, what the Scot-in-the-street really thinks about Lallans, the religion of football, and many other things. Homely, humorous, good-natured, but often uncomfortably penetrating, Mr. Taylor's book can be recommended both to exiled Scots who simplify and sentimentalise their country from a distance, and to Englishmen whose reaction to the Scottish character is still modelled on that of Swift and Lamb.

James Brooke of Sarawak. By EMILY HAHN. *Arthur Barker.* 21s.

The combination of motives—patriotism and self-interest—that took James Brooke to Borneo in 1839 was popular enough at that time but has fallen into disrepute of late. Brooke wanted to expand the British Empire in the Eastern Archipelago at the expense of the Dutch, and feather some sort of nest for himself in so doing. He seemed to have achieved his object with great facility, when he superseded the local Malay chief as Rajah of Sarawak and was recognised as such by the Sultan of Brunei, the nominal ruler of Borneo, in return for a tribute of £1,000 a year. The life of an Eastern potentate, however, was to prove no bed of roses. Brooke's eagerness to act the benevolent despot was constantly thwarted by head-hunters and pirates, by Chinese immigrants, by untrustworthy Malays, by lack of money and, above all, by the refusal of successive British Governments to accept any sort of responsibility for his tiny realm. In the end Brooke handed over his bothersome Raj to a nephew and retired to Dartmoor, disillusioned and impoverished.

Miss Emily Hahn, who has been out to Sarawak to see the country at first-hand, has written a most entertaining life of the White Rajah, as this not so very eminent Victorian was styled by his sentimental compatriots. As might be expected from a talented contributor to *The New Yorker*, her prose is uncommonly smooth and unwrinkled, and she expresses her own opinions in a delightfully free and easy style. Brooke is to be seen as a vain, well-meaning man, wobbling between philanthropy and good business. Unfortunately for him his grandiose ideas and fine intentions were backed by only a modicum of practical ability. In Sarawak he soon found that he had bitten off more than he could chew. Even his vaunted patriotism was not proof against fits of petulance. At one time or another he was ready to offer Sarawak to the Dutch, the French, or even King Leopold of Belgium, in fact, any one who would relieve him of responsibility and put him in funds. It is be to hoped that Miss Hahn will direct her cool scrutiny towards more of our Empire-builders, and reduce them to their proper size.

The Juvenile Offender. By G. L. REAKES. *Christopher Johnson.* 10s. 6d.

This book embodies no new research on the problem of Juvenile Delinquency. It describes once more the routine of the Children's Courts and the methods of dealing with offenders under 17. It is marred by a good many slips: a "child" has no option of trial by jury, absolute and conditional discharges can be given without a clean record, education cases are not tried, as implied, in the Children's Courts, children are not "convicted," nor are they brought to the Court as needing "care and attention," and so forth. The author has a tendency to generalise from the experience of individual courts and from his own personal views. Many people would dissent from such sweeping statements as that "Borstal boys are really bad boys and, therefore, take a great deal more correction, training and understanding than boys at Remand Homes or Approved Schools"; or even that "every man and woman who undertakes the task of dealing with wayward children merits praise." Some readers also will suspect that the unconscious underlying purpose of the book is to give the author a chance of expressing his belief in the more painful forms of discipline, his dislike of the "care-free" State, and his nostalgia for those (undated) times when all parents set a good example and exercised a successful discipline on their children.

Emily Brontë: Her Life and Work. By MURIEL SPARK and DEREK STANFORD. *Peter Owen.* 18s.

Is there anything new to be said about Emily Brontë? No one has yet succeeded in making a single, credible personality out of the writer of *Wuthering Heights* and the shadowy young woman who emerges from Charlotte's reminiscences. Even if new biographical material were to come to light, it is probable that the real Emily Brontë would remain revealed—or concealed—in the pages of her masterpiece. Miss Muriel Spark, who takes charge of the biography, and Mr. Derek Stanford, who attempts a critical appraisal of the poems and the novel, are at their happiest when criticising other critics and biographers. They do not get near the heart of their subject. Mr. Stanford gives the very highest praise to a few of the poems, but is much more reserved about *Wuthering Heights*. A disappointing book, made worse by clumsy style, faulty syntax, and gross misprints.

The Sunburnt Country: Profile of Australia. Edited by IAN BEVAN. *Collins.* 15s.

This book has been written by the Society of Australian Writers in Great Britain as a tribute to the Queen, in the hope that it will be useful to her on her tour. The proceeds are to be given to charities, chosen by the Duke of Edinburgh, in Great Britain and Australia. Such extraneous inducements to approve the volume, together with the rather naive verse quoted at the beginning, may make the detached reader suspicious of its quality. But the suspicion is unnecessary. This survey of Australia, with contributions from seventeen writers, is intelligent, many-sided and not much hag-ridden by local patriotism. The reader may be surprised to find some of the eminent authors—Gilbert Murray, for example, or Eric Partridge—included as Australians at all.

The anthology begins with a lucid review by Chester Wilmot of external politics, and continues with history, landscape, people, sport, the arts, language and Australian achievements abroad. There is a great

People may be dead to the Bible but the Bible is not dead. It is still THE BOOK OF GOD and essentially its message to Mankind to-day is chronological because TIME is the essence of the divine covenants with the nations and Israel. After twenty years of research into this almost totally neglected subject, the authors of this Treatise disclose facts of the utmost gravity concerning the present position of the human race. The title of this Treatise expresses their two main conclusions.

THE WORLD
IN LIQUIDATION
THE COMING OF CHRIST AT HAND
BY
A. E. WARE AND ASSOCIATES

This Treatise presents for the first time in history a faultless reproduction of the Bible's astronomically accurate record of Time from its beginning. The year 1933, notable as the turning point downwards in human history, witnessed the completion of the predetermined 6,000 YEARS OF MAN. The world then entered a brief era termed "the consummation of the age" which ends with the return of Christ. This event, staggering in its magnitude, is evidently at hand and may occur as soon as the year 1954. At any rate, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. To some these facts may not be welcome but they cannot be refuted.

Price 12/6 net. *466 pp.*
ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

SIMPKIN MARSHALL LTD.
242 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

deal of interesting material about aborigines, animals, soils and scientific experiments, and on the other side about Australian books. The accent all through is on the youth of the nation and the possibilities of the future. The articles give a dichotomous effect of general lack of culture in the masses and surprising achievement by a largish number of individuals. Occasionally one feels a too easy generalisation, as in Judy Fallon's section on "The Australian Woman", and occasionally an over-lyrical praise of the homeland as in Martin Boyd's last chapter on the link with Britain—though he has also subtle comment to make on Australians' divided tradition, the literary and historical British background at war with present climate and landscape. But on the whole the standard is extraordinarily high; and so is that of the many illustrations.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,243

Set by John Pomfret

When balloon ascents became a popular spectacle, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, they were utilised also as a *New and Easy Method of Teaching the Alphabet*. But this purpose could only be achieved by dragging in the "Unaccustomed character of such Ventures," and the strained reflection that "Xerxes himself was surely less Zealous to ascend so high." Competitors are asked to illustrate, on the same lines, some half a dozen to a dozen letters in the sequence of the Alphabet, "utilising" the atom bomb, television or penicillin. Entries by December 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,240

Set by Guy Walsingham

The usual prizes are offered for a verse comment—in any form but not exceeding 12 lines—supposed to have been made by the perpetrator of the Piltdown Man hoax on the occasion of its exposure forty years later.

Report by Guy Walsingham

It is always gratifying to attract the experts and I lingered fondly over one entry straight from a Department of Antiquities. The note of the great majority, however, was non-professional and the opportunity was mainly used for moralising, often rather heavily. Elaine Morgan and J. P. Marriott were on to a good point in stressing the ingratitude of the experts who, having craved a missing link, decided after forty years to look it in the jaw; but I was surprised that no one made the point that if the hoaxer's original motive had been love of fame he is now assured of it, though not as antiquarian! Quotable felicities:

In every age the times are out of joint
And joints come out of time and lie about.
For some man to discover and to prove
That once we were less noble than we are
(Pat Bullen)

Forty years on, growing older and older
To add to your reckoned half-million-years,
It has taken the scientists that to cold-shoulder
Your claim to be one of our race-pioneers. (Pibwob)

By adding to its fossils quaint
These relics of an early saint
I thought the Church of Darwin might
Prevail in any future fight.
(Terence Melican)

Honourable mention to these, and to Little Billee for an enlightening drawing of the skull, to David T-D. Clarke, J. Connor, and Bayard Taylor. First prize of two guineas each to D. R. Peddy and Stanley J. Sharpless; a guinea each to H. A. C. Evans and Frank Pavry.

It was I who forged the missing link at Piltdown;
With my hands I manufactured Nature's freak,
And the forehead of my Yorick was quite high, if prehistoric,
But his chin was evolutionally weak.

And for four decades he made them think at Piltdown,
Till at last the pundits definitely knew
That his skull was incorrect as Pithecanthropus Erectus,
And his jaw they'd find in almost any zoo.

But he may be near the mark, that kink at Piltdown;
Ape-like mouths voiced thoughts, perhaps, of brains like men's
For that fake, though not the one key to the question—"Man from Monkey?"
Made a monkey out of homo sapiens.

D. R. PEDDY

THE PILTDOWN HOAXER TO THE SCIENTIST

Why did I cheat? Because you'd cheated me.
You swapped my God for protozoic slime;
Gave me a howling Zoo for ancestry,
Made me the bastard sport of dateless time.
This grinning skull you catalogued so pat—
Which of us now d'ye think it's grinning at?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

With jawbone of an ass great Samson slew
A lion; but my deed his feat surpasses
For forty years, and with a jawbone, too,
I made our scientific lions asses!

H. A. C. EVANS

When I observe to what sub-human ends
Mankind its destiny decides to shape,
I am content that Man, to make amends,
Remove the stain I set upon the ape.

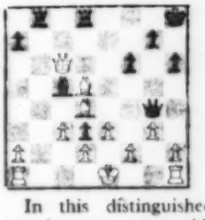
FRANK PAVRY

CHESS: Smothered Mate

No. 220

Why is it that ever since "Philidor's Legacy" chessplayers never cease to be delighted by a "smothered mate" in any shape or form? Does it tickle our predatory instincts, does it enhance our sense of power to see the opponent's King hemmed in physically rather than symbolically? I wonder. Here—sent in by Fritz Sämisch—is a position leading to some very pretty "smothering" indeed. Playing this in a skittle the other day, Sämisch (White) continued:

(20) R-Q4	R-Q1	(26) Q-B2 ch	K-R1
(21) R-B4	R-R4	(27) Kt-Kt6 ch	K-R2
(22) P-Kt4	P-Kt4	(28) Kt-B8 ch	K-R1
(23) P x P!	Q x R	(29) Q-R7 ch	R x Q
(24) Kt-K5 ch	K-Kt1	(30) Kt-Kt6 mate	
(25) P-B7 ch	K-R2		



In this distinguished company of a veritable grandmaster our assiduous ladder-hero C. Allen can proudly hold his own since—see diagram on left, his opponent (White) obliged with countering the mating threat by P-B3. Allen played Q-R6, whereupon White blissfully devoured the B, confident to cope with the threat of Q-Kt7 by O-O-O. But alas, he found a mighty spanner thrown in the working of that scheme when Allen first played R-Kt8 ch! After R x R the mating threat of Q-Kt7 is unanswerable, nor can White save himself in declining the Greek gift by K-B2.

Another pretty R-sacrifice—see diagram on right—occurred in a position which earns H. Lobbenberg one of my chessbook tokens. This is what happened:

(30) Kt-Q2	R-QB2!	(33) K-Kt2	R-Kt8 ch
(31) R x R?	Q-K8 ch	(34) K-R3	R x P ch
(32) B-B1	R x B ch	(35) P x R	Q-R8 mate

Lobbenberg was sorely tempted to play (30) . . B-R4; but he saw just in time that this would be defeated by (31) B-K7, R x P. (32) R-KB1.

The 4-pointer for beginners is provided by A. E. Harris, another regular competitor who obtained the position in a skittle; he played P-Q5, White countered R-Q1. What then was Black's move to secure an immediate win?

A: A. E. Harris 1953

B—White to win—is the only "outsider" in this "Readers' Own"—a very pretty and instructive study, well worthy its 6 ladder-points. **C** (for 7 points) is a sui-mate and its author's first attempt at this type of problem—a very neat piece indeed. White forces Black to mate him in six moves.

B: J. Hasek 1929

C: C. J. Morse 1953

Usual prizes. Entries by December 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 28

A: (1) R-K3, Q-Kt7, (2) Kt-B4 etc.

B: (1) R-Kt8 ch, K x P, (2) P-R7, B-KR8, (3) R-Kt2 ch, K-Q6, (4) R-KR2! R x R, (5) K-Kt3 etc.
if 2 . . . B x P ch, (3) K-Kt2, B-B6 ch, (4) K x B, R-KR8, (5) P queens, R x Q, (6) K x R, P-R5, (7) K-Q3(8, K-Kt6, (8) K-K2 etc. But (1) P queens, B x P ch, (2) K x B etc. merely draws, the White K being one sq. further away than in the 2nd variation.

C: (1) B-Kt1! P queens ch, (2) K-Kt5, B-Kt6, (3) P-Kt7, B-Kt1! (4), P-Kt8 = B! B any, (5) B-R8, R2, etc.

Many stumped (more or less) by **B** or **C**. Alternative solution (1) Kt-Kt7 etc. acceptable for **A**. Prizes shared by C. Allen, J. R. Harmany, M. Kaye, A. Schneider. No less correct: G. Abrahams, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED

Sir Eric Miller, presiding at the Forty-fifth Annual General Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., was able to report another satisfactory year's results, the net profit of £667,672 after tax being only £13,000 less than the record figure for 1952. The final dividend recommended on the Deferred Ordinary Stock is 27½%, making 35% for the year compared with 30%.

In a comprehensive review of the Company's activities he spoke of the substantial contribution made to the sterling area's dollar resources, not only through shipments of tea, rubber and other Eastern produce, but also through the trading activities of Associated and Subsidiary Companies in the New World.

Speaking of tea, he said that it is still a relatively very cheap beverage; although the average overall cost of production, the major part of which is represented by wages, is roughly three times as great as it was before the war, the retail price of the popular blends is only slightly more than double.

Referring to the unduly depressed price of natural rubber, Sir Eric said that the graph of world consumption over the years shows that minor fluctuations are speedily ironed out and that there is no stopping the progressive steady rise in the use of this versatile material. His faith in it is undimmed by any claims made for synthetics."

The Report was approved, and at subsequent Meetings, proposals for a capitalization of Reserves and a bonus issue to Deferred Ordinary Stockholders were adopted.

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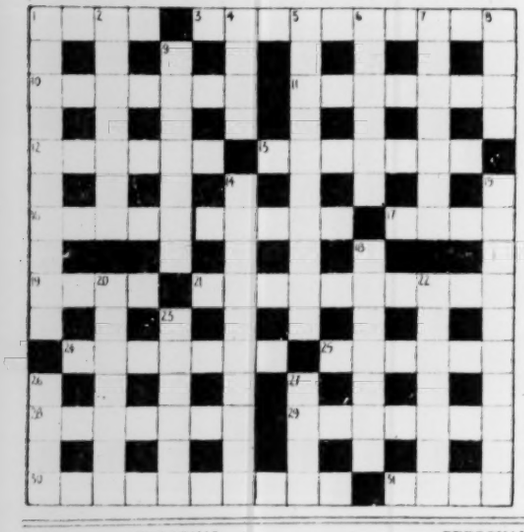
Week-end Crossword No. 79

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 79, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 29th Dec.



ACROSS

1. Came in a roundabout way to the point (4).
3. A poet's admirer has a piece of music to perform afterwards (10).
10. The record will give a reply in difficult circumstances (7).
11. He was responsible for people wearing black (7).
12. Food for a fathead (6).
13. After study the boy goes back to make idle gossip (7).
16. Where to begin on the South Coast (5, 5).
17. Favourite of a mixed bathing place (4).
19. Strives to produce a first class piece of writing (4).
21. I grow tired in school; it is all frivolous (10).
24. There are short cuts in obscurity (7).
25. Humour or anger (6).
28. Scene, but no acts (7).
29. No money back after a call for a West Country town (7).
30. Place for putting a piece of wood; this makes a break (10).
31. County flower show (4).

DOWN

1. Half oriental creed (10).
2. This brigand is almost a man showing the last ounce in him (7).
4. Assistant with the wrong idea (4).
5. Disorderly on a seceded group of islands (10).
6. A sad expression betokens mental turmoil (6).
7. Man's council (7).
8. Fold for the common herd (4).
9. Plaques with the lettering of battles (7).
14. Overturn like a fine weather sailor! (10).
15. Designs for indecent photographs (10).
18. Casual worker dismissed? (7).
20. Gruesome vehicle in the middle of the sea (7).
22. Almost a first class piece of writing for something protective (7).
23. A man who sounds as if he is related to monkeys (6).
26. A male needs gin inside for presenting a play (4).
27. Smart: Marx needs nothing more (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 77

C	H	A	F	F	■	M	A	R	I	G	O	L	D	■
A	■	C	L	U	■	U	■	R	■	A	■	F	■	■
N	O	R	M	A	N	S	■	S	W	I	M	M	E	R
O	■	E	G	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	P	■	I	■
P	O	S	T	S	■	C	O	L	D	F	R	O	N	T
Y	■	■	T	A	■	E	■	■	■	O	■	T	■	■
■	S	C	R	O	L	L	■	D	E	T	E	N	T	E
S	■	L	■	N	■	■	O	■	E	■	R	■	■	■
C	L	E	M	E	N	S	■	S	O	U	N	D	S	■
O	■	R	■	■	L	■	I	■	C	■	E	■	■	■
W	A	I	N	S	C	O	T	S	■	H	E	W	E	D
L	■	H	■	N	■	W	■	T	■	O	■	H	■	I
E	R	E	M	I	T	E	■	E	L	O	P	E	R	S
D	■	W	■	P	■	S	■	R	■	W	■	E	■	O
A	S	B	E	S	T	O	S	■	N	Y	L	O	N	■

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 77

S. Venkataraman (New Delhi), Miss Knight (Brighton), Andrew Kirkby (London, S.W.1).

PERSONAL

WANTED to rent for July and August, furnished country house (not boarding-house) with minimum seven bedrooms. Near sea but not on main road for traffic. Norfolk coast preferred. Highest references given. Suggestions welcomed for holiday house for both children and adults. Box 3904.

FRENCH lady willing exchange French lessons with piano lessons. Box 3899.

ITALIAN yng. man (23) Florence University Degree, Political Sciences, two years Italian assistant in France, unable to get permit to teach, wishes accom. with English family, Italian/French conversation in exchange. Other suggestions welcome. Box 4117.

KITZBUHEL. Young executive taking car February 5 for three weeks would take 1 or 2 passengers. Share expenses. Box 4059.

BEST Wishes for Christmas to past and future clients from Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

UGLY watertight wooden catavan. Calor gas and sink. Two bunks. Cornwall. £56 or offer. Box 4026.

WANTED exch. 6 ft. Bechstein Grand for 4 ft. 11 in. similar make, cond. Box 4021.

YOUNG man, knowledge German, French, Science, shs. post immed. in laboratory, office or library. London. Box 4029.

TWO Young Men (24 & 21), keen to travel. Do anything, go anywhere. Free September 1954. What suggestions? Box 3877.

DOCTOR working on research in Univ. wants loan up to £300 for 3 years without security but reas. high interest. Box 3842.

FLAT reqd. one/two girls. Piano? Xmas hospitality offered another. Box 4048.

INDIVID. att. teaching, modelling casting, some painting. Start Jan. Box 4122.

LECTURER offers English conversation in exch. for German/Russian. HUN. 9780.

WANTED: coaching for Oxford Schol. in English. Please 'phone WAN. 7128 evg.

IRVING Theatre, Leicester Sq., requires modern 1-act Grand Guignol Scripts.

TEENAGERS' Conference & House Party: some vacancies (after Xmas only) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

CHILDREN'S Hotel has vacancies for Christmas holidays. Special programme. Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS cards, six black-and-white reproductions of old pictures of: Robert Owen, John Frost, T.U. demonstration in Manchester in support of farm workers on strike 1874; Durham miners on strike 1892; delegates of National Agricultural Labourers' Union signing petition for vote 1876; Striking miners near Barnsley being taken to court 1870, each card 6d. with envelope. 3s. 9d. the set, post free, from Labour Research, 2 Soho Sq., London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS/New Year: there are only a few vacancies for men left on our Christmas parties but we can still include men and women on our New Year's party near Windsor or one of our ski-ing parties to Obergurgl, Lech/Arlberg or Fieberbrunn, near Kitzbuehel. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

JOHN Vickers is the photographer who specialises in Private or Professional portraits of those who usually face the camera with severe misgivings. An appointment is essent. VIC 4915. 29.B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGY of Democratic Process: Jan. 8-10, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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DRINK for Xmas. Farm Hunt-Cider or Cornish Mead—the golden clear, smooth distilled dry aperitif of honey & apple juice matured in oak 2 years. Delivered free in returnable hand-made casks anywhere in U.K. 5-gallon cask Cider 57s. 6d., 1-gallon cask Mead 68s. Deposit on casks 35s. Cash with order. Malvern Dairy Cider & Mead Co., Priors Croft, Malvern, Glos.

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Harold Ingham wishes all readers a Merry Christmas. To add to their chances of passing a Happy New Year, he suggests they write to him (15 St. John's Road, Harrow) for his 1954 Summer School programme ready in January.

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A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

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SGLE. fur. flat, s/c., mod. block Highgate. C.H.W., C.H. £2 p.w. MOU. 8255.

N.W.1 B.S., new flat, use k. & b., lift. Suit prof. man. £2 10s. Box 3938.

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NR. Baker Street, comf. sgle bed.-sit. room, quiet homely house. Moderate. Bkfst. optional. Suit prof. gentleman. PRI. 5314.

PLEASANT furn. single flatlet, semi-self-contd. Bed-sitting room, own kit., tel., h. & c., use bath. Nr. Willesden Green Tube. 45s. p.w. Box 4023.

FURN bedroom, C.H., linen, serv., morning tea, baths. £2 10s. SPE. 5978.

BED-SIT. room, share kit. with other woman (musician). 35s. Box 4020.

HAMPSTEAD: For coloured gentlefolk. Double bed-sitt. newly decorated & furn., running water, gas ckr. £2 10s. HOL. 6237.

SPACIOUS single divan room, pleas. decorated, central, 63s. incl. ckg., baths, etc. Also studio bedroom. MAI. 5492.

WIFE with child wishes share her flat Hampstead with mr. mother & child. HAM. 0684 betw. 9 & 10 a.m. or Box 4128.

S.C. flat with T.V., 5 rooms, 81 gns. 51 St. Paul's Ave., N.W.2. WIL. 4259.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

IN newly blt. house, well-fur. flatlet. Built-in wardrobes. Concealed ckg. C.h.w. Lin. Serv. Prof./bus. lady. 5gns. BAY. 4617.

SINGLE B.S., use kit. & bath, Lewisham, offered by prog. yng. couple. 25s. incl. elec. light & gas. Box 3926.

REGENT'S Park. Divan-lounge offered lady in s.c. Maisonette with Actor's family. £2 15s. inc. PRI. 9067.

REGENT'S Park studio flat, 2 rooms furn./part., cooking, bath. £200 p.a. inc. 5 years. Also 2 rooms furn., bath, etc. £185 inc. GUL. 2390 or EUS. 8792.

WELL-fur. b.s. rm., bfst., meals opt., bath, ckg. fac. Close Belsize Pk. Tube/buses. PRI. 2403 aft. 4 or wkends. aft. 11 a.m.

COMF. furn. 4-rmd. cottage, picturesque Bucks. village. Elec., h.w. Only drawbacks Elsan, no bathrm. 30s. wkly. Box 4028.

ISLE of Wight Yarmouth. Furnished Cottage till end March. All conveniences. 2½gns. Box 4082.

W. AFRICAN medical stud. shs. furn. flat, S. Kensington area. Box 3956.

YOUNG couple seek flat, London, furnished unfurnished. Will redecorate, do garden, etc., for low rental. Box 4113.

MOTHER (40s) and son (10) wish share home. Cooking/housekeeping undertaken. London, pref. North. PRI. 9606.

A RESPECTABLE Gold Coast student requires a bed-sitting room, own cooker; moderate terms and easy access to Charing Cross. Box 3970.

EDUCATION Officer and wife seek flat pref. unfurn. London area. Box 4094.

YOUNG prof. widow with baby desp. needs s/c. furn. acc. with use gdn. Box 4096.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1198 (ring mornings if possible).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

QUALITYPRINT, the duplicating specialists, also produce the finest illustrated work (Line and 3 Tone), at moderate cost. Call at 87 Tottenham Court Rd. MUS. 0380.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FIVE-bedroomed House for sale, beautiful situation Constable country, all amenities, near Bures village and station. Price £3,850. Box 3739.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AMENDED: Senior Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by frequent competitive interviews. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, invertebrate fossils and foraminifera. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). Inclusive London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men), £917-£1,075; (women), £786-£949; Scientific Officers (men), £440-£812; (women), £440-£707; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men), £440-£760; (women), £440-£576. Women's rates for Patent Classes under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53, S.178/53 for the other posts. Completed application forms to be returned on or before December 31, 1953.

B.B.C. requires Senior Assistant, Catering Department to act as deputy to Head of Catering with particular responsibility for co-ordination and day-to-day direction of B.B.C.'s Catering Service in London. Duties include overall financial control of Department and interpretation of policy rulings in terms of requirements and individual restaurants involving close liaison with Area Superintendents and Managerettes. Service is provided for some 9,000 staff in London area at about 12 different centres with catering staff of over 490. Essential qualifications include wide knowledge and experience of catering especially provision, cooking and presentation of food aligned to standard costing and control system; competence to advise on staffing and management of restaurants and other catering services; experience in control of all grades of catering staff and in committee work; resourcefulness in adapting organisation to special occasions; ability to handle business contacts, complaints, etc., with initiative and tact. Free meals on duty not provided. Salary £1,000 possibly higher if qualifications exceptional, rising by five annual increments to £1,330 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week, marked "153, N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose s.a. env.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer to formulate ideas for and produce discussions, talks and talks features for rebroadcasting in North America. Sound academic background and general knowledge, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in all kinds of people are essential. First-hand knowledge of U.S.A. and Canada and of their people and affairs and experience of writing would be an advantage. Salary £795 or £590, according to qualifications, with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 or £800. Higher starting salaries possible in either grade. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "154 N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SPECIFICATION. The Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, Berkshire, requires a Senior Assistant (Scientific) for development work on the spectro-chemical analysis of a wide variety of materials. Candidates, aged 27 or over, should have School Certificate with a credit in a science subject, or Ordinary National Certificate in Chemistry, and experience in spectro-chemical analysis. Salary £497 to £676. Applications, giving full personal details and quoting 2/103/17, should be sent to the Establishment Officer, A.E.R.E., within three weeks.

IMPORTANT Anglo-Israeli Organisation under distinguished patronage has opening for experienced male Appeals Organiser. Essential qualifications are good education, forceful but pleasant personality, outstanding organising ability, knowledge of Jewish Community, ability to address meetings and write/prepare matter for publication. Apply in confidence Box 3981.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications will be accepted up to 31st December, 1953. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681—£838 (men); £586—£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men); £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No.: 894-95/53.

LONDON County Council, Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Drama (Man or Woman) required to inspect and advise upon all forms of speech education and drama at the primary, secondary and further stages of education. Salary: £1,250-£1,600; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO Estab. 2/N), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by January 1, 1954.

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Clinical Psychologist at Graylingwell Hospital, which accommodates some 1,100 patients suffering from nervous and mental disorders. Duties include routine testing of intelligence and the carrying out of specific personality and deterioration testing in conjunction with the Medical Staff. There is an admission rate of over 1,000 patients a year, covering the whole field of adult psychiatry. There are ample opportunities for personal research or for joining in the research of the Hospital under the general direction of the Director of Clinical Research. The successful candidate will be expected to take part in the preparation of candidates for the D.P.M. The appointment is non-resident and salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales for Clinical Psychologists and subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full personal and professional particulars, together with names & addresses of at least 2 refs., should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester, by Jan. 1, 1954.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health, "Duncroft," Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex. Applications are invited for the following posts at this Home Office Approved School which provides accommodation for 25 girls between the ages of 15 and 17 years on admission. Psychiatric treatment forms an essential part of the school regime; applicants should have a genuine interest in work of this nature, and have had training and experience in dealing with adolescent girls. (i) Deputy Headmistress. Applicants should have ability to supervise staff, and to take charge in the absence of the Headmistress. The post carries a special responsibility allowance of £50 per annum in addition to the scale of salary applicable. (ii) Housemistress. Applicants must have good organising ability and have experience in leisure-time activities. (iii) House Instructress. To be responsible for organisation of housework and for training of a small group of girls doing this work as part of their school domestic course. Full details of salary scales, charges for board and lodging, etc., will be given on application, which should be made to the Headmistress within 14 days of the date of publication.

CITY of Manchester Children's Committee. "Summerhill," 60 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Resident Deputy Warden at the above home. Salary £259 - £15 to £304 per annum with emoluments valued at £171 per annum. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Children's Officer, Town Hall, Manchester 2, quoting reference 4227. Completed forms should be returned not later than January 1, 1954.

MALADJUSTED Children. Children's helper wanted (woman) at small residential school. Some domestic duties and out of school supervision. £150 to £200 plus residence. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

MALADJUSTED Children. Handyman wanted at residential school, able to take some responsibilities with children. £150 to £200 plus residence. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding-out, and visits to homes of children who have been or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than December 31, 1953. Canvassing forbidden.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH A1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 9, 1954.

FAMILY Service Units require resident case-workers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

SCIENTISTS, Technicians or Executives with a sense of social responsibility need not work on the race for rearmament. This well-established manufacturing business in synthetic resins, high polymers, etc., for paints, reinforced plastics and allied trades and based on common-ownership and industrial democracy, is always on the look-out for trained men and women with faith in their fellow men and prepared to take an active part in the pioneering of a self-governing industrial enterprise. Write in confidence to The Managing Director, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Northamptonshire. Assets over £150,000. Our officially registered Commonwealth Foundation guarantees the security and well-being of its members.

LITIGATION clerk required by London trades union solicitor pursuing claims on behalf of injured workmen. Good opportunity for young man with intelligence and initiative. Box 3948.

WANTED, Experienced National Appeals and Organising Secretary for B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation Scheme; permanent position, commencing salary £1,250. Applications to J. C. G., c/o Secretary, District Grand Lodge, B'nai B'rith, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

JEWISH Deaf Association have a vacancy for an Organising Secretary experienced in Club Leadership and welfare work essential. Knowledge of Appeals Work would be advantageous. Apply, stating qualifications, to J. J. Newman, 17/19 Stratford Place, W.1.

SOUTH Hammersmith C.L.P. requires a full-time Agent. The Party has an Hon. Secretary. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms obtainable from Councillor Henry Solomons, Robert Owen House, 160 Shepherds Bush Rd., London, W.6, to whom they must be returned by first post, December 31, 1953. Previous applicants need not send in fresh forms.

QUALIFIED Master and Junior Mistress required for general subjects in co-ed. school. Ability to take one or more of the following an advantage—Games, P.T., Crafts, Drama. Box 3949.

PART-time resident tutor in English required for foreign students Denmark Hill area. Box 3997.

REQD.: Typist, some shthand. & general office work. Write: Socialist Medical Assoc., 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

WANTED: Secretary/Sh.-Typist for small architect's office St. John's Wood. Pleasant surroundings. Box 4044.

FOR write-up on technical subjects. Lady or gentleman wanted: good style; own typewriter essential. Box 4017.

AN important London advertising agency is looking for a draughtsman, highly practised in figure drawing and who wishes to work (at a most satisfactory salary) as a specialist at layout illustration. Box 4095.

SEC. sh./typist reqd. by old-estab. publishers. Exp., age, salary to Box 4108.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED man, 20 years' practical & psychological experience maladjusted juveniles, will give understanding specialised help in any form to one or more in their own or public home. Home teacher. Living S. Bucks. Competent, reliable. Highest refs. & credentials. Officially recognised. Box 3976.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

SCOPE worth app. £500 p.a. wtd. by educ. creative woman (34). Bi-ling. German. Journ., adm., sales rep. exp. Box 3968.

FLEET Secretaries for first-class office staff and secretarial services. 57 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. CEN. 6649-6770.

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIPS in Psychology. Fellowships are offered for a three-term training in Educational and Clinical Psychology; they may carry maintenance grants. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Training for and experience in teaching will be an advantage. Forms of application from the Education Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1, to be returned by January 23, 1954.

WHERE TO STAY

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. Open during winter, Welcombe exudes the peaceful air of an older England. The Resident Manager will attend to your requirements personally.

BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Ideal for a winter break. Tel. 516.

TANKERTON-on-Sea, Kent. Enjoy Xmas, Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Country house atmosphere; sheltered, large grounds; excellent food, spacious bedrooms. C.H. Moderate. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6gns. weekly, inclusive.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. A first-class Hotel with 18 hole golf course adjoining, set amidst scenic splendour of Glorious Devon and enjoying its coveted winter sunshine. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

CHRISTMAS Country House Party fully booked. Now planning New Year Weekend. Box 4100.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. For winter warmth and sunshine—gracious country house hotel standing above the fine old Cornish harbour with Mediterranean climate. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

FRENCH Riviera: Flowered terraces overlooking sea. Ideal climate; excellent cuisine; 1,000 yds. from Monte Carlo Casino; open all year; moderate terms. Hotel Sévigné—Roquebrune, Cap Martin. "Where guests are not just people who pay!" M. Radenne.

SCHOOLS

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

NURSERY School & Kindergarten, Golders Green, 7 Elmcroft Ave., N.W.11. MEA. 2525. For children aged 2-5. Modern approach, fully trained staff. Open all the year. Principal: Mrs. A. Magid.

WEST Hampstead Kindergarten for children aged 3 to 5. Opening mid-January. Progressive educational outlook. Principal: Mrs. M. Bardas. Assistant: Mrs. N. Hancock. Applications, in writing, to The Principal, 20 Menelik Rd., London, N.W.2, or by phone to the Secretary, HAMpstead 2395, between 9 & 11 a.m., Monday to Friday.

WINDRUSH School, 55 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3, has a few vacancies children 5-16 years, for next term commencing January 5, 1954. Apply Secretary, PRI. 3039.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Channing School Foundation Scholarship Examination, 1954, will be held on February 24-26 next. Scholarships, open to any girl born between July 1, 1940 and June 30, 1943, are offered for both Boarders and Day Girls. Full particulars from the Bursar, Channing School, London, N.6.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "A London Actress." Mems.

BOLTONS Theatre, KEN. 5898. Murray Marionettes in "The High Toby," by J. B. Priestley and Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne." Nightly exc Mons. 8. Mats. Sat., Sun. 5 & daily Xmas week). Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391), "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto. Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Leicester Sq., WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.30. "On with the New," our new Topical Intimate Revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s. year.

SPECIAL Xmas Attraction. Magic from the East. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30. Sun. 6.30. Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Mem. 5s. yr. Visit our Restaurant on 1st floor. Continental & Indian dishes a speciality. Fully licd. Open till midnight.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 20: Japanese film "The Impostor" (A). From Dec. 21: "Toro-No-O" (U) and "The Magic Garden" (U).

NAT. Film Theatre, S. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 19. Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka" (A). Dir. Ernst Lubitsch. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Dec. 20, 7.30. "Tre Storie Proibite" (X) (Italy).

ASIAN Film Society presents "Aandhiyan" ("The Cruel Wind") in English, an Indian Social Film based on a true incident, starring world-famous Nimmi and Devanand, Sun., Dec. 27, 6.30 p.m. at Scala Theatre. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. Mem. subs., half-yearly 5s. Apply A. F. S., 33 Denison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

INDIAN feature film "Chandra-Lekha" with English sub-titles, Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Sunday, December 20, at 4 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. Tickets 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., obtainable at Scala or from India Relief Committee, 47, Strand, W.C.2. Entire proceeds for flood relief in India.

ENROL in December for a Free Seat for Indian Feature Films at Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Mems. 5s. year.

DANCING Saturday evenings 8-11 p.m. West End Band. Licensed Bar. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. GRO. 6186.

COLOURED Children's Xmas Party at the League of Coloured Peoples, 3 Robert St., London, N.W.1. Sunday, Dec. 20, 2.30 p.m. Gifts and donations will be gratefully appreciated.

THE London Jewish Society invites you to their End-of-the-Year Social on Sunday, December 20, at 8 p.m., at The Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport Street, Leicester Square. Admission (including refreshments): 3s. 6d. Visitors: 4s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Grand Christmas Dance, Sat. December 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 5s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thursday, Dec. 31. New Year's Eve Gala Dance. Cy Grant and his Afro Cuban Band. Members and their guests 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Reduction for double tickets booked in advance.

S.C.R. New Year's Eve Party. Best in London. Dancing. Refreshments. Prizes. Members' Bar. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Thurs., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.—midnight. Adm. 6s. dble., 3s. 6d. single.

LEAGUE of Coloured Peoples Xmas Eve All Night Dance commencing 8 p.m. at 3 Robert St., N.W.1. New Year Ball at St. Pancras Town Hall on Fri., January 1, 1954, 7.30 to 11.30 p.m. On both occasions Bar and Buffet and Ranny Hart and Syncopators.

S. AFRICAN, Indian, Pakistan, Xmas Dance. Thurs., Dec. 24, 7.30. Chenil Gall. (Chelsea Town Hall). 5s. sgle. Orch.

CONCERTS

SAINT Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1. Saturday, December 19 at 3.30 p.m. Music for Christmas, including Evening Service for seven voices, Weelkes, and works by Purcell, Schütz, Sweelinck and Mouton; The Renaissance Singers & a string ensemble. Dir.: Michael Howard. Ralph Downes (organ), Gordon Steele (bass), Day McAusland (soprano), Joyce Millward (soprano).

LORD Harewood will introduce Rimsky Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel" with mems. of Covent Garden cast at 4 St. James', Sq. S.W.1. Sun. Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Jan. 23 (closed Dec. 24-27 inc.). Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimat. Life of Paul Klee": Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy 1953. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Daily 11-6. Closed December 25, 26, 27. Last days December 28-31. 11-6. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Christmas Exhibns.: Modern Tapestries & Curtains by Michael O'Connell; Pottery by Roy Dale and John Eaves; Small Paintings by Elsa Mez; Contemporary Drawings.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Jan. 23 (closed Dec. 24-27 inc.). Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

FIRST London Exhibition Impressionist Paintings by American artist Helen Frank. Dec. 22-Jan. 8. Parson's Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English & French Artists. Closing December 24.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Square. Pictures for Presents. Also Christmas Cards, Mobiles, etc. Dly. 11-6. Sats. inc.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Dennis James and Hannah Gavert.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Terra Cotta and Pottery Figurines by Audrey Blackman. Woodcarvings by H. Nonnenmacher.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. "Famous Painters Past and Present." Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats 10-1 p.m.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. New Paintings by Norman Adams and Brenda Chamberlain. Pottery by James Tower.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings: Jean Hugo, Martin Battersby and Frederick John Fuchs. Until January 8.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Paintings by Russian emigré artists in Paris, Soutine; Kremegne; Chagall; Kikoine, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1, until Jan. 9, 1954.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DR. David Daiches on "The Concept of an Anglo-Jewish Community." Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, on Mon., Dec. 21, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

THE Society for Sex Education and Guidance. Fri., January 1, 1954, Dr. Eustace Chesser will speak on "Society's Attitude to the Homosexual," at the Conference of Educational Associations, to be held at 5 p.m. at College for Distributive Trades (Room 208), 107 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. Chair: The Revd. W. W. Simpson, M.A.

SOCIALIST Press in Israel—a talk by David Eshkol (Editorial Board "Al Hamishmar" Tel Aviv). Mapam, 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Mon. Dec. 21, at 8 p.m.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "The Unbeliever's Approach to Christmas." At Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 20, at 6.30 p.m.

"MATHEMATICS, Education & Living": teachers week-end course, Jan. 15-17 (W. E. Egner) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Dec. 20. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "What is a Rationalist?" Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CONFERENCE: Open International Conference. "International Tension and Education." Holborn Hall, W.C.1. Tues., Dec. 29, 2 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. Spkrs.: Mr. Charles Darvill & Mr. Peter Mauger, M.A. Wed. Dec. 30, 10 a.m. & 2 p.m. Social 7 p.m. Spkr.: Miss Margaret Davies, M.Sc.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ASHRIDGE. Course 2. Russian Policy Since the War. January 22-25, 1954. Introductory Address, Sir Alvary Gascoigne, K.C.M.G.; Russia and the Western Powers, Dr. Franz Burger; Policy Towards Eastern Europe, Mr. Daniel Singer; Asia and Sino-Soviet Relations, Mr. Richard Goold-Adams; The Political and Economic Position in the U.S.S.R., Mr. David Floyd. Inclusive Fee: £3 15s. Applications to The Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel. Little Gaddesden 3191.

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